Silver Screen

EDITED BY
UTH WATERBURY

10¢

NOVEMBER

WHY CHAPLIN
WON'T TALK

HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY
BY CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

THE TRUTH
ABOUT THE...
GAYNOR-FOX
PEACE PACT



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Your favorite entertainment

FOX MOVIETONE PICTURES

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VOLUME ONE
NUMBER ONE

Silver Screen

NOVEMBER
NINETEEN
THIRTY

EDITED BY RUTH WATERBURY

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Assistant Editor

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Western Representative

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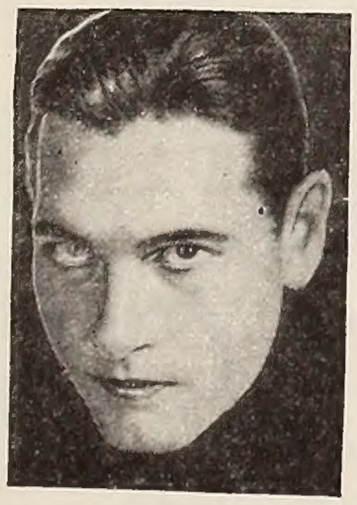
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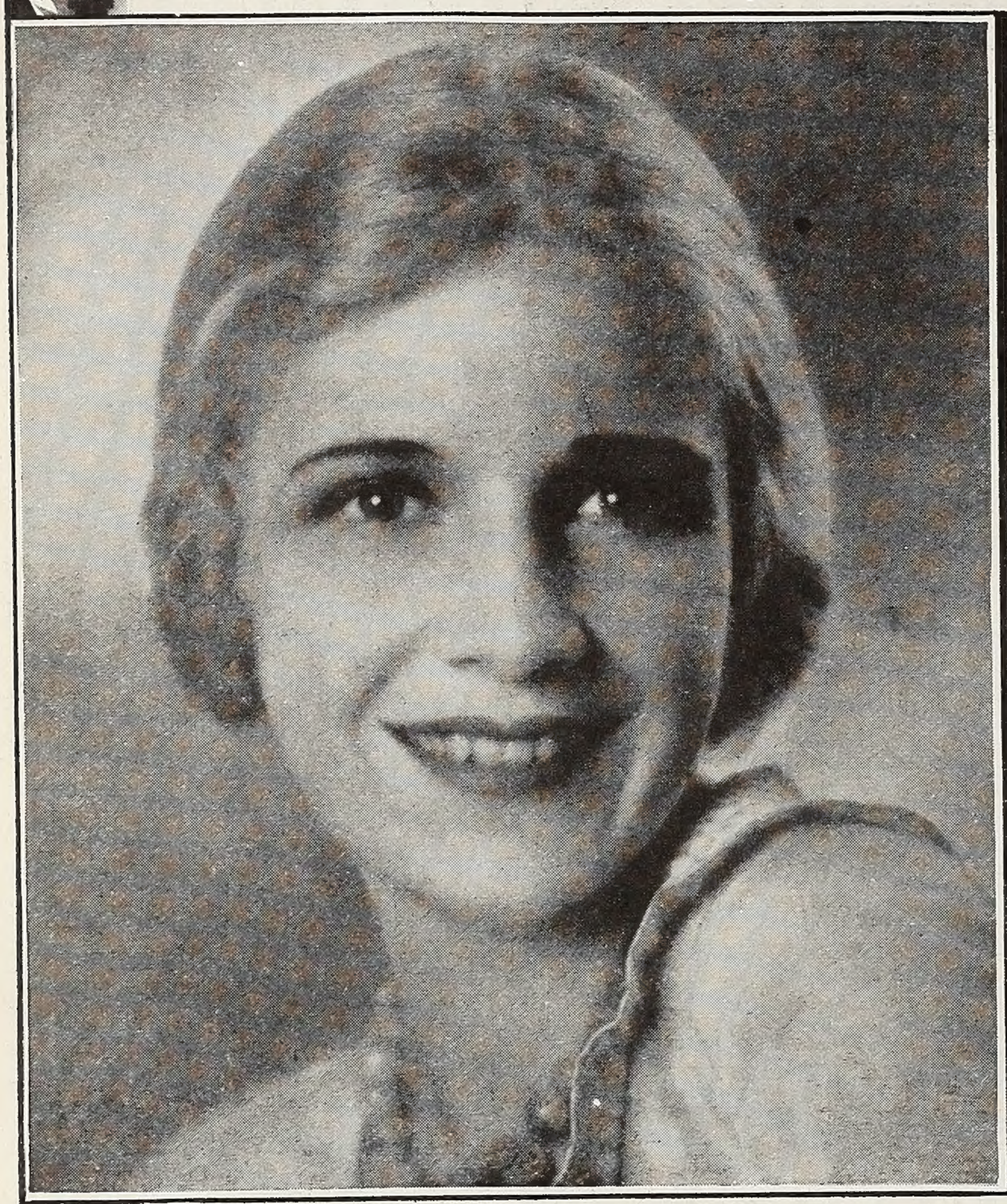
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A JOHN FRANCIS DILLON *Production.*

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PLAYED against a background of tropical danger and primitive passion, the great book that thrilled the world has come to life with all its adventure and all its romance. The ivory coast of Africa, the jungle, a ruby worth a king's ransom, a white orphan girl worshipped as a goddess, love's awakening for this girl and her English lover, their thrilling escape from the natives and the terrors of the jungle! An all-talking production . . . the greatest thrill picture ever shown!
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"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"
THE METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER LION
THE GREATEST STAR ON THE SCREEN

GETTING DOWN to FACES » »

Beauty Advice on the Care of the Skin.

By
MARY LEE



Exquisite Mary Brian is a star wise enough to master the skin game. She knows a perfect complexion is the basis of beauty for every girl.

STARTING to write in a new magazine, starting to write for a new group of girls, advising them on beauty, it seems to me pretty important to get down to faces!

By that I don't mean make-up. (I'll write about that next month.) By that I don't really mean features.

I mean the quality of your skin, the skin you love to touch and re-touch.

No girl can be beautiful without lovely skin—and no girl with lovely skin can be plain and unnoticed. Fair skin IS beauty. In many ways beauty isn't more than skin deep. You may have a lovely figure, be graceful and sweet-voiced but if your skin is greasy, sallow, dry or full of blemishes, nobody will notice your good points.

Preparing for this first issue of SILVER SCREEN I've been out in Hollywood, learning all the things the girls of the movies can teach us about beauty.

And most of them do know all about beauty. They understand just how to wear their hair, just how to dress, how to walk and to stand—all those necessary, delightful things. (I wonder if all of us realize what the stars are doing for us—doing what preachers, and reformers and moralists have tried to do for ages—that is, making us improve ourselves and be better, more charming people.) Yet while some of them had more of that subtle sparkle, that indefinable quality, that made people seek them out and watch them; while some of them were less scintilating but more loving, each and every one of them had perfect skin.

No movie girl can last who has skin all spotted with black-heads or coarse pores or dry as the reading of the minutes of a club meeting. And certainly if a young star, with all her fame and glamour, can't get away with such carelessness, no girl in private life can.

So—let's get down to faces!

The first big thing to realize is that your face isn't just something pasted on the outside of your head and that you can occasionally give it a dash of lotion or cold cream, or a bit of genuine care, and expect it to remain flawless.

Your face—your complexion—is a part of your body. So many girls seem to overlook the fact that the food we eat, the sleep we take, the exercise and the weariness, the joys and the unhappiness, all affect the quality of our skin.

Decide, first, what your skin type is. Some of us have very oily skin, given to blackheads and coarse pores. Others have very dry skin, sensitive to weather, wrinkling distressingly, chapping. Others have basically dry skin with oil spots—around the nose, chin and forehead. Some oily skins have little patches of dryness around the eyes. This month let's consider oily skins.

For very oily skins, cleansing and a non-fatty diet are especially important. Good soap and water are indispensable. Take at least one tub bath a day, if possible, with warm water and a good pure soap. Treat your skin gently. Don't use harsh washclothes but use your soft ones firmly. Dry the face and the whole body vigorously.

When an oily skin is clean, thoroughly clean, use an astringent or skin freshener. There are many very excellent ones on sale, or you may create one for yourself at home, by wiping your face lightly with fresh pads of cotton, dipped in witch hazel. For your daytime cleansing stick to liquid cleansers.

When it comes to diet, don't overindulge in pastries, oily foods, candy, cream or butter. You may eat some of these things, of course, but be moderate. Drink water — at least four glasses a day. And consume all the green things you can, salad, vegetables and such.

Simple, isn't it? Yet except in cases of extreme blackheads or large pores, you will find this regime sufficient to give you skin loveliness.

Finally—don't go half way in your skin care, the daytime half. Remember the hours you sleep. Sleep is a restorative, of the skin as well as of the body and nerves. So, pul-leze, go to bed with a clean face.

If you want personal advice on skin care, blackheads and such ills, write me, won't you?

Good-bye. See you next month.

What's Your Worry?

Skin? Hair? Eyes? Overweight?

Mary Lee will be glad to reply by personal letter to any inquiries you may have on beauty problems. No problem is too big or too small for her from advising you on the best colors to wear to how to change your whole figure. Simply address her in care of Silver Screen, 45 West 45th St., New York, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.



Costume Jewelry

One way to spend that $3 you save

Costume jewelry is merely one suggestion for spending that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste instead of tooth pastes in the 50c class.

Women, sternest judges of tooth paste *acclaim this modern one at 25c*

Listerine Tooth Paste has passed the greatest test that can be put to a dentifrice.

Tried by more than 2,000,000 American women, the most critical buyers in the world when beauty and health are involved, it has won their enthusiastic acceptance. Old favorites at a high price have been discarded in favor of the new one at 25c.

In order to win such approval, Listerine Tooth Paste had to establish gentleness and absolute safety in actual use. It did so—on millions of teeth of varying degrees of hardness—and never was precious enamel harmed.

It had to show quick and thorough cleansing. Not merely front and back of the teeth, but between them. It had to disclose ability to remove stains, discoloration, and unsightly tartar, quickly, certainly. And show power to preserve the lovely natural lustre of sound beautiful teeth. Millions now comment on how ably it performs these tasks.

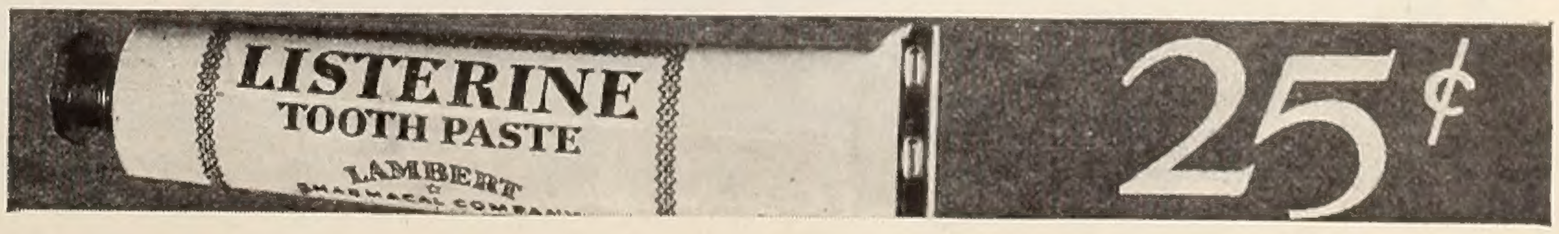
The fact that Listerine Tooth Paste sells for 25c the large tube, effecting an average saving of $3 per year per person over tooth pastes in the 50c class, is another point worth remembering.

Get a tube of Listerine Tooth Paste today. Use it a month. Judge it by results only. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

The makers of Listerine Tooth Paste

recommend

Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brushes

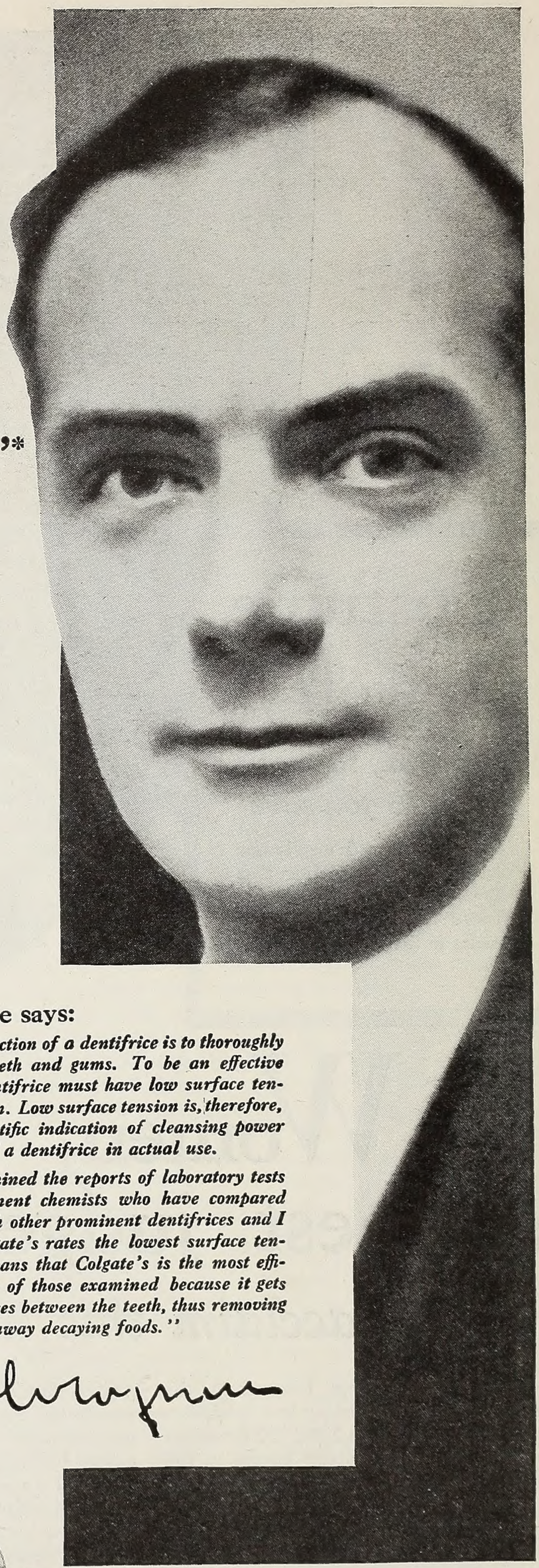


Dr. Shirley W. Wynne

Commissioner of Health of New York City

says:

"Colgate's is most efficient cleanser"*



RESPONSIBLE for the health of six million Americans, Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, examined reports of laboratory tests comparing Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices—and of all those examined, he singles out Colgate's Ribbon Dental Cream as "the most effective cleanser." His approval is undeniably impressive. Interested as he is in all branches of public health, Dr. Wynne recently made a careful study of the difference in dentifrices. He examined tests made by some of America's greatest analytical chemists.

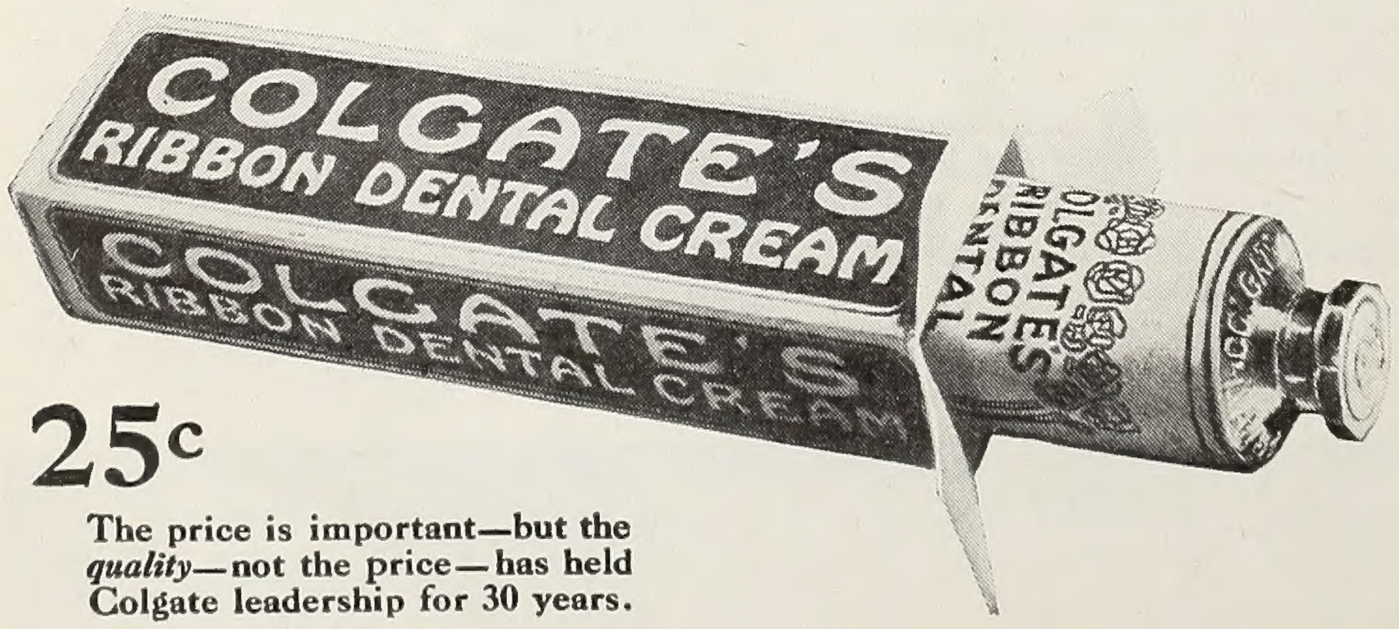
Dr. Wynne's conclusion is based on the recent research of such eminent authorities as Dr. Hardee Chambliss, Dean of the School of Sciences, Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C.; Dr. Philip B. Hawk, M. S., Yale, Ph. D., Columbia; Jerome Alexander, B. S., M. S., internationally famous among consulting chemists and chemical engineers; Dr. H. H. Bunzell, Ph.D., University of Chicago, and others, retained to make analytical tests and report their findings.

All agree that Colgate's is supreme because of its penetrating foam. This active agent flushes out the decaying food particles which lodge between the teeth. Colgate's thus cleanses *completely*—in a way impossible with sluggish tooth pastes which merely polish the outer surfaces of the teeth.

Dr. Wynne says:

"The sole function of a dentifrice is to thoroughly cleanse the teeth and gums. To be an effective cleanser a dentifrice must have low surface tension in solution. Low surface tension is, therefore, the true scientific indication of cleansing power on the part of a dentifrice in actual use.

**"I have examined the reports of laboratory tests made by eminent chemists who have compared Colgate's with other prominent dentifrices and I find that Colgate's rates the lowest surface tension. This means that Colgate's is the most efficient cleanser of those examined because it gets into the crevices between the teeth, thus removing and flooding away decaying foods."*

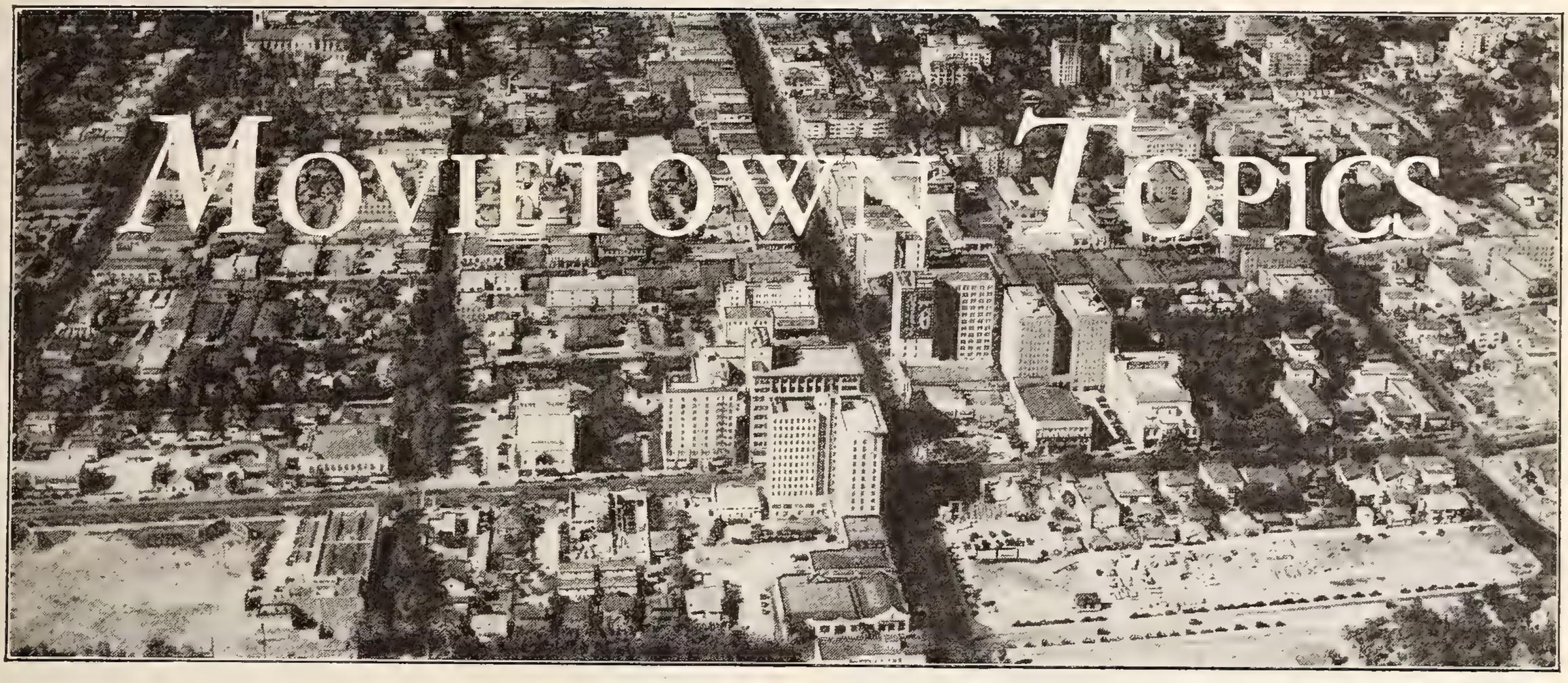


25c

The price is important—but the *quality*—not the price—has held Colgate leadership for 30 years.

SHIRLEY W. WYNNE, M. D., Dr. P. H.

Commissioner of Health, New York City; M. D., Columbia University; Member American Medical Association; Prof. Preventive Medicine, N. Y. Polyclinic Medical School and Hospital; Prof. Public Health, Fordham School of Sociology and Social Service; Recognized internationally as an authority on matters of Public Health.



MOVIETOWN TOPICS

YOUNG Suzanne Vidor must be in quite a quandary. For, not only has she two half sisters at Daddy King Vidor's establishment, but now she has another half-sister at her mother's and Jascha Heifetz's house. On September eighth, Florence Vidor Heifetz's newest daughter arrived and only a few months ago, the second daughter of Eleanor Boardman Vidor was born.

OLD Man Stork has been flying overtime in Hollywood lately, anyhow.

Among the recent arrivals are young Irving Thalberg, Jr., whose fond maternal parent is Norma Shearer; and there's a new baby at the home of "Skeet" and Pauline Mason Gallagher, and of Olga Baclanova and Nicholas Soussanin.

DOLORES COSTELLO BARRYMORE, who arrived several months ago, had her birthmark removed. It was only a small circular spot on her scalp, but Barrymores must be perfect!

AS TO the expected visitors, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. Chester Morris and Mr. and Mrs. Bryant Washburn are all anxiously waiting.

ONE of Hollywood's swiftest, suddenest romances was culminated in early September when Margaret De Mille and Bernard Fineman were married at Tucson, Arizona, where both were visiting and cooing.

Margaret De Mille is the daughter of William De Mille, and a niece of Cecil (Bathtub) De Mille. Bernie Fineman, an associate producer for M-G-M, was once husband to Evelyn Brent and for a while was rumored engaged to Greta Nissen.

NOT an imperious motion picture queen, but a rather frightened young girl was the Dolores Del Rio who became the bride of Cedric Gibbons, art director.

Their marriage came as a distinct surprise to their many friends, and was culmination of a whirlwind romance.

Since the death of her first husband, Jaime Del Rio, Dolores has been reported engaged on several occasions. And Mr. Gibbons' name has been linked with that of more than one prominent actress, since his divorce several years ago.

The ceremony was performed in the old Mission at Santa Barbara, in the presence of only a few close friends and the mother of the bride.

Afterwards, the couple drove up the coast for a short honeymoon before returning to Hollywood and work.

TO Hollywood, land of a thousand wonders, nothing is impossible.

An assistant director rushed into a coffee shop and ordered "a cup of coffee and a piece of apple pie."

"I'm sorry but we're all out of apple pie," said the waitress.

"Then fake it," shot back the assistant director.

THE Brown Derby Cafe—where the cinema famous, infamous and near-famous hang out for lunch and dinner—is owned and operated by Herbert Somborn, second husband of Gloria Swanson, and father of Baby Gloria.

Wallace Beery, Gloria's first husband, is one of his best customers. Quite often they engage in gay conversation.

But they do not talk of Glorious Gloria.

GENE MARKEY, scenarist, who is handsome enough to be a movie actor, causes many heart flutterings in Hollywood.

He was the big shot with Ina Claire until she suddenly married John Gilbert.

Then he kept Irene Delroy from getting lonely, but cut that out. (Maybe Miss Delroy's New York boy friend has something to do with that).

And now Gene has been showing a fondness for Gloria Swanson's society.

Hollywood's a great town for a gallant man.

THERE'S another Mary Pickford now!

In August, Jack Pickford was married to Mary Mulhern, Follies beauty, now trying her luck in pictures.

Jack has been married twice before. His first wife was the exquisite Olive Thomas, who committed suicide in Paris ten years ago. Later, he married Marilyn Miller, from whom he was divorced in 1927.

Since that time, he has been rumored engaged to several prominent young actresses, among them Bebe Daniels. It was also thought that he might re-wed Marilyn.

The new Mary Pickford is a blue-eyed brunette, twenty-two years old, slim and a little taller than Jack.

[*Continued on page* 35]

HOLLYWOOD

Why the son of America's oldest aristocracy prefers the new aristocracy of Cinemaland.



Born to the most exclusive set of New York's Four Hundred, young Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., prefers the society of those who work and dream.

HOLLYWOOD! Follywood!

Funny how ideas are formed—how symbols stick. Years ago, when I believed everything I heard, I conceived the idea that Hollywood, that mushroom growth on the West Coast, was a modern Babylon.

Then I went to Hollywood!

And found quiet, tree-shaded streets lined with cozy bungalows and gracious homes, exuding an air of charm and hospitality—and culture. A rather sleepy, prosaic small town, more concerned with the baby next door than the price of gin.

Instead of a jazz-mad crowd of thrill-seekers, I found a populace of interesting workers, intent on their careers, with little time for play. And the time they did have for recreation was devoted to simple amusements, to small, congenial gatherings of friends who were drawn together by mutual interests rather than by a forced grouping resulting from the accident of birth. As is the case in the society to which I was born.

Naturally, as Hollywood has grown and its wealth increased, society has lost some of that earlier spontaneity. It has assumed an aspect of formality. And in a most remarkable way. It is in its first generation, yet it has the grace and poise of an old-world civilization.

We can easily compare the social structure of Hollywood to that of the first aristocracy of this country. The founders of our present mythical "four hundred" were a hardy and heterogeneous lot. Some had come from homes of culture and wealth, driven to a new land by ambition or unjust persecution. Some were miscreants, seeking a new chance among strangers, while still others had braved the perils of a wild country in quest of forgetfulness.

All were workers. There were no idle hands among the empire builders.

So with Hollywood.

Gathered from every part of the world have come men and women of talent, of industry, of genius.

And as with those first colonists, there were those whose conspicuous ability designated them the natural leaders, whose personalities set them apart from all others.

I know that many books have been written and sold on the bad manners of Hollywood. Their general inference has been that all parties are orgies and that no dinner of more than three courses is ever served for fear that the guests wouldn't know what to do with the silver.

Well, both of these implications are equally absurd. The orgy report has been circulated just as much of Newport and of what the yellow newspapers call Fifth Avenue "mansions." But, just as I've never seen an "orgy" at the homes of the friends of my childhood, so I've never seen an orgy in the homes of Hollywood. And as for the silver—well, the ads that portray the party as laughing loudly at the gentleman who dropped the fish fork are in worse taste than the gentleman involved.

You can violate many so-called "manners" and be a most amusing person none the less. And you can be utterly correct, yet so dull you can't even hire people to come to your parties. For years the social leader of New York society was a terrible, old dragon who insulted people right and left. But she was a power and a personality and so she got away with it.

So it is in Hollywood and only a first-generation snob would overlook genius to note from which side of the spoon the soup was sipped.

And as to the state of mind of the movie capital! Some years ago while publishing newspapers in California, I learned that my largest, steadiest, home-delivered circulation lay in the heart of Hollywood. And while my circulation tables elsewhere rose and fell, they remained nearly stationary there. I tried to publish clean newspapers; that is to say, organs that deleted sensationalism, printing facts as they occurred and not thoughts of others who knew as little of the unhappiness market as they did of the stock exchange. Hollywood appreciated those digested facts and for nearly three years I kept there the largest home delivered circulation west of Chicago.

Which defines more clearly than argument the general social attitude of Hollywood, and reflects the personality of its leaders.

SOCIETY

By CORNELIUS VANDERBILT, JR.

By her innate dignity and unassuming bearing Mary Pickford has long held her position as the supreme arbiter of things social in Hollywood. Her outlook on life is certainly a good deal more advanced than that of many a fashionable matron on Fifth Avenue, who can criticize extensively at the expense of all others.

And Miss Pickford's husband, Douglas Fairbanks, is a goodly king, combining as he does a lusty love of life with a disciplined intelligence. These two are the guiding spirits in an exclusive circle which includes Charles Chaplin (when he is not figuring too prominently in the public print), Bebe Daniels, Dolores Del Rio, the Harold Lloyds and a few other select souls.

Entrée to this group is the ambition of every newcomer to the cinema capital, for it is the real royalty of the picture colony. When Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, relatives of the Prince of Wales, visited Hollywood, it was at Pickfair that they made their home. And a cousin of King Alfonso of Spain was a distinguished guest there at another time. Such personages may choose their companions at will. The fact that they go again and again to visit Mary and Doug proves how genuine is their admiration.

And you may rest assured that no more gracious, well-directed hospitality was ever extended to visting royalty than that of Pickfair, whose lord and lady are of the self-made aristocracy of one generation.

I have attended receptions given by New York's most rock-ribbed inner circles, for the Prince of Wales, functions honoring Charles and Anne Morrow Lindbergh, parties for ambassadors and debutantes—yet never have I seen a healthier, less contrained spirit of welcome than that prevailing in Hollywood.

I particularly like the spacious home of Pauline Frederick which is the rendezvous for people of note from all over the world, who find stimulation and inspiration in the conversation of Miss Frederick's guests.

For among the screen stars there is an unconscious atmosphere of doing the right thing because it is the natural, inherent thing to do. Which, after all, is the essence of breeding, rather than the stilted following of a code because one was told to do so.

Another delightful home is that of Conrad and Ruth Helms Nagel, where a feeling of simplicity and informality reign. And what more charming hostess can you imagine than Loretta Young, who as Mrs. Grant Withers presides over her bride's home with a strangely mature dignity?

Of course, in Hollywood as in New York, San Francisco, Chicago and almost every large city, there is the gayer or "circus set" whose fun is a little livelier, who entertain more lavishly and are interested in sports. In this group are such people as Lilyan Tashman and Edmund Lowe, Jack Dempsey, Joseph M. Schenck and Constance Bennett. They are among the "regulars" who journey to Agua Caliente for the races and to Santa Barbara for the polo games, just as devotees of these sports in the East convene at Saratoga, Belmont and Meadowbrook.

Then, too, Holly-

[*Continued on page 56*]



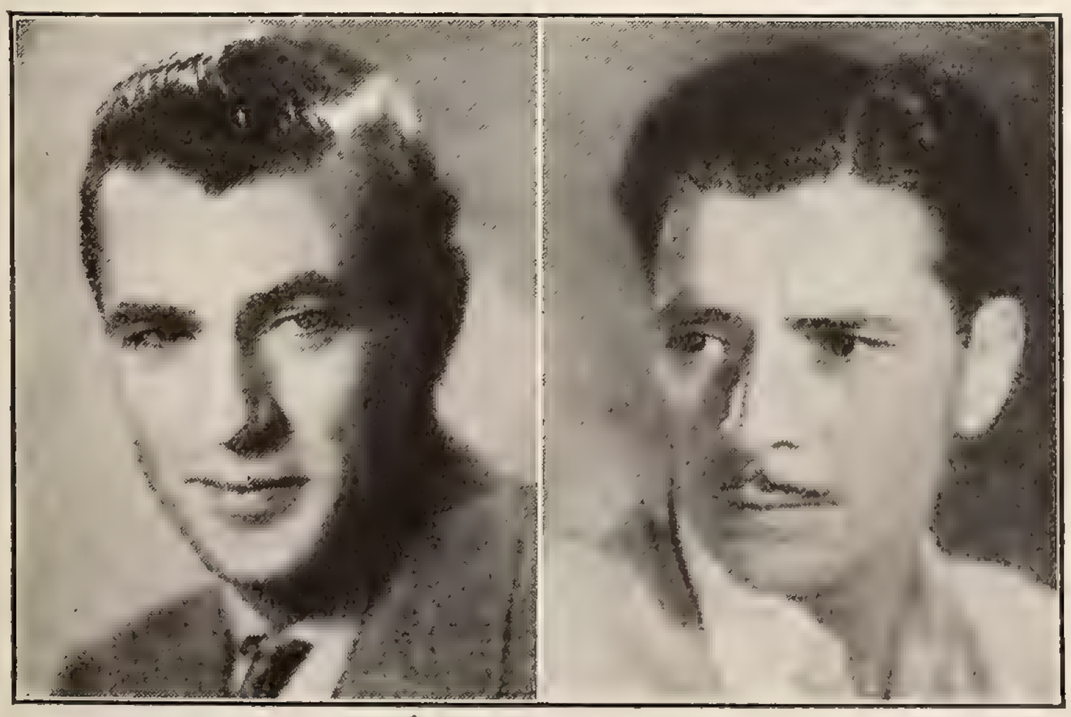


Mary Pickford is much more advanced than the average society woman.

Fifth Avenue has no more charming hostess than the very beautiful Pauline Frederick.



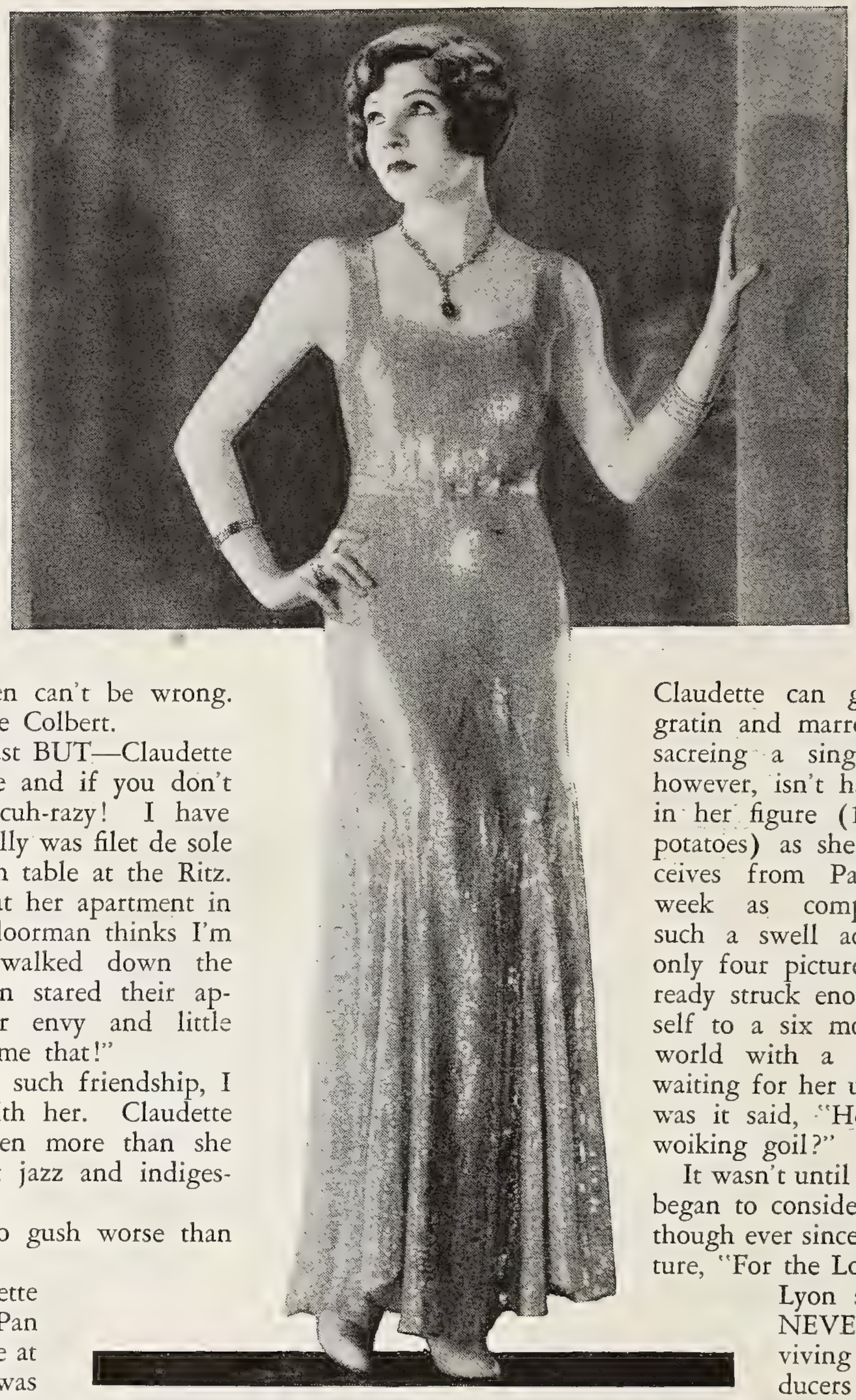
Mr. Vanderbilt thinks Mrs. Grant Withers perfectly delightful. And who can blame him for feeling that way about this lovely Young thing?



Gary Cooper epitomizes the gallantries of the early West. Ronald Colman is a thoroughbred and a romantic.

YOUNG WOMAN *of* MANHATTAN

By
RADIE HARRIS



When Claudette Colbert comes on the screen men stare, women glare and little children cry "gimme." She's a hit—and how.

FIFTY Million Frenchmen can't be wrong. Which explains Claudette Colbert.

I hate people who boast BUT—Claudette is a personal friend of mine and if you don't think I'm boasting you're cuh-razy! I have broken bread with her (it really was filet de sole Marguery) over the luncheon table at the Ritz. I have visited her so often at her apartment in the west Seventies that the doorman thinks I'm a bill collector. I have walked down the Avenue with her while men stared their approval, women glared their envy and little children cried, "Daddy buy me that!"

Now at the risk of losing such friendship, I am writing an interview with her. Claudette hates gushing interviews even more than she does pungent smells, blatant jazz and indigestion.

This interview is going to gush worse than "Old Faithful."

When I first met Claudette (she was playing in "Tin Pan Alley" at the Republic Theatre at the time) my first reaction was to regret all the superlatives I had squandered on other actresses in the past. Words set down in black and white to the effect that Greta Garbo is the ONLY actress utterly without pose . . . that Janet Gaynor is the ONLY actress minus an inflated ego . . . that Lois Moran is the ONLY actress entirely unaffected.

Only a fool puts his thoughts on paper. I know now that Claudette Colbert is the ONLY actress completely devoid of pose, conceit and affectation.

She never tries to impress people. She is far too clever to know how. Consequently everyone who meets her becomes her press agent—free of charge. She doesn't know a single dramatic reviewer and has never received anything but "rave notices." She has never thrown a party for the press or "played politics" in anyway. Read some of her interviews if you want to know what the magazine chatterers think of her.

Her figure is the answer to the modern maiden's prayer. It's the only thing I hold against her. While I stare a grapefruit and five slices of cucumber woefully in the face, Claudette can gorge on potatoes au gratin and marron glace without massacreing a single calory. Claudette, however, isn't half as much interested in her figure (103 lbs. including the potatoes) as she is in the one she receives from Paramount-Publix each week as compensation for being such a swell actress. She has made only four pictures to date and has already struck enough gold to treat herself to a six month's trip around the world with a brand new apartment waiting for her upon her return. Who was it said, "Heaven will protect the woiking goil?"

It wasn't until this year that Claudette began to consider the screen at all, although ever since she made her first picture, "For the Love of Mike" with Ben Lyon several years ago (I'll NEVER be forgiven for reviving that memory!) producers have been hot on her trail. It was Monta Bell who finally won her over to playing the feminine lead in "The Hole in the Wall" last Spring. She was doing a stage play at the time and tried it out merely as a talkie experiment. She loathed herself in it, but was unanimously alone in her opinion. Paramount thought so well of her that she was wanted immediately for "Gentlemen of the Press." She turned it down in favor of Eugene O'Neill and the Theatre Guild.

Last autumn when she was the only excuse for "See Naples and Die," she was again approached by Paramount. This time she was asked to play the lead in "The Lady Lies." Her play was closing—there wasn't a new one that she liked in sight . . . so she accepted.

If Claudette weren't already so famous, this would be a swell place to insert the subtitle, "And so overnight, Fame."

With the release of "The Lady Lies," fans all over the country took one look at Claudette and said, "And where have YOU been all our lives?" Critics took their superlatives out of mothballs. Clau- [*Continued on page* 59]

America's Boy Friend Describes his Ideal Girl Friend.



Romeo Rogers on his balcony. All those girls want Buddy — which one does Buddy want?

By ALMA TALLEY

BUDDY'S FEMININE FANCY

THE BEST gag of the month is the one about the press agent who wanted to bill Griffith's forthcoming Lincoln picture as Abraham "Buddy" Lincoln. That, said the press agent, would get the flappers into the house if anything ever would.



Which gives you a fair idea of how the movie world feels about Buddy Rogers.

In Hollywood they call Buddy "America's Boy Friend." They call him, "The Darling of the Debs." They call him up but they never call him down for he's the big boy blessing of the box-office, the Peter Panic of pictures.

Wherever Buddy goes, there the girls go after him. They go in mobs to see Buddy in a picture, any picture. When he makes a personal appearance, the flappers flap on their faces before the theatre where he is playing. They faint. They stop traffic. They stand, in the sun, in the rain. They gather under his dressing room window and around the stage door, shouting, "We want Buddy."

Hundreds of thousands of girls all over the world, all of them wanting Buddy.

All of them wanting Buddy, but whom does Buddy want? He's still a bachelor. What girlish visions haunt his boyish day-dreams? What kind of a miss would he like to be his Missus?

I made up my mind to be a girl scout and find out. I've known Buddy forever—or at least since he graduated from the Paramount School in 1926 and first faced a skeptical public in "Fascinating Youth."

I've seen all his pictures since, "Wings," "My Best Girl," "Young Eagles," "Safety in Numbers," "Heads Up" and many others, and we're still friends. So I put the question to Buddy.

[*Continued on page* 64]

WHY CHAPLIN WON'T

Would any other actor gamble a million for an ideal?

By SPEED KENDALL



Let others talk. Charlie stays silent or he won't play.

IT IS a little over four years since an iconoclastic little gadget called the microphone first made its appearance on a motion picture set.

Up to that time the screen had produced one authentic genius, Charlie Chaplin.

Other personalities have captured and enthralled the imagination of the world, Rudy of the blessed memory and the current, glamorous Garbo. Yet Chaplin's fame was and still is greater than theirs. Only Chaplin has been proclaimed alike by intellectual and moron, by little children and their elders. Only Chaplin pictures have been equally good in Tokio or Topeka. Only Chaplin comedies have been deathless, reissue after reissue of films ten and fifteen years old, playing week after week around the world, knowing no boundaries.

Ever since the first time he paddled across the screen in his flat shoes and ludicrous pants, Chaplin alone has been able to make any person anywhere, laugh or weep at his will; make experience, in the moment of observing, the emotions Charlie had known at the moment of creating.

And that is art, whether the medium be oils or marble or music or acting—the ability to create in the observer the deep emotion of the creator.

His career has been absolutely unique.

Today in Hollywood he is still being absolutely unique since he is the only star who is determinedly holding out against the otherwise complete abdication to the talkies.

I went down to talk to Charlie about his silence on a day in late summer when the afternoon light slanted low over the sets where he was finishing his million-dollar silent production of "City Lights."

The sets lay strangely quiet in the sun. There were no demon batteries of light, no demon batteries of microphones. The whole production belonged to the older, more spacious days of movies before supervisors and Wall Street backers.

"The making of a successful silent picture is an art," said Charlie. "I refuse to classify the making of a talkie."

Now no one save Chaplin could talk about his art in Hollywood and get away with it. It is not done. Movie acting today is something generally jested about, a flippant gesture, an amused grin —no matter what the inner feelings may be.

But Charlie is entirely sincere in his present attitude and he isn't ashamed of his own sincerity. His feeling is that silent movies were an art and that dialogue in pictures threatens that art. And for that reason—and that only—he is prepared to fight. Nor is his fight one of non-resistance. Charlie is backing it actively with "City Lights" on which he stands either to win greatly or to lose heavily.

TALK!

By staying silent is Charlie the wisest guy in Hollywood or the most foolish?



What Charlie likes—a small set, his own company, and quiet. A scene from "City Lights" with not a word in nine reels.

If "City Lights" fails, I think it will hit Chaplin harder than anything in his life has ever hit him.

"I've watched the talking picture situation since it began," Charlie said. "Talkies have had a tremendous vogue but I believe their popularity is waning. The box-office statements sustain me in this. Only one out of every fifteen productions has been accepted by the public.

"Since talkies began I've made it a rule to go, nearly every night, to a theatre that was wired for sound, and study the film shown and the way the audience reacted to it. And from that study I firmly believe that in a short time sixty percent of the producers will revert to non-dialogue pictures.

"Even before talkies, the public was becoming more and more critical. Surfeited with the average program, they had begun shopping for their entertainment.

"Then along came the talkie. It was a novelty—something new. It saved the day for the producers. People swarmed into the theatres charmed with this new toy. But the old game of follow the leader started up among the producers again. Because one firm had made a successful screen revue, everybody started making screen revues—and most of them weren't successful. Somebody made a good Broadway picture. The copyists immediately made more Broadway pictures. Came 'Alibi' a hit of the underworld type. Followed more carbon copies of 'Alibi.' It was all new and strange and different. [*Continued on page* 57]



What Charlie hates—blazing lights, listening mikes, crowds, noise. It's killing art, says Charlie, and not making money.

CINDERELLA UP-TO-DATE

By
S. R. MOOK

Claire Luce created her own personality and made all of her dreams come true.



Claire Luce, Fox's newest find, the golden girl who was once a poor little drudge.

MORE years ago than either of us likes to remember Joseph Santley was playing in the second of the Music Box Revues. After the theatre one evening we dropped into a night club together.

It was a dump of a place. Heavy silk hangings hung limply against the walls. The air reeked of stale cigarettes and cheap liquor. People with tired eyes were determinedly making whoopee. The atmosphere was one of unreality and tawdriness.

Suddenly the lights dimmed. A spotlight threw its glare on the postage-stamp clearance in the centre of the floor. A girl attired mostly in feathers came out and began to dance. She wasn't beautiful in the accepted sense of the word but there was something haunting about her. She looked as though she belonged in a moonlit garden.

"What becomes of girls like that?" I demanded of Joe. "After they get through at these places—where do they go?"

"Somebody'll give this girl a chance," Joe said. "She's got something."

She came out and danced once more after that and we called it a night and forgot about her.

Time passed and I came to California. So did Joe, evolving from a musical comedy star into one of Pathé's ace directors.

"Lunch?" he suggested one day as we sat in his office.

"Afraid I can't," I answered. "I've got to interview a new girl at Fox's—Claire Luce—and I haven't an idea who she is. Did you ever hear of her?"

"That's the girl we saw dancing at the night club that night on Broadway," Joe said. "Shortly after we saw her she got a chance in 'Dear Me' doing a specialty number with Oscar Shaw. The next I heard of her she did a specialty dance with Charles King in 'The Palm Beach Girl.' Ziegfeld produced the show and I staged a couple of the numbers. She also did an impersonation of Lenore Ulric in 'Lulu Belle' in the show. That was the first time she really showed promise of anything out of the ordinary. She's gone straight up from there. She's a swell yarn."

And she is, for behind the usual recital of a girl's theatrical start, there is, in Claire Luce's history, one of the most poignant stories of a struggle upward I have ever heard.

Claire Luce was born in Syracuse, New York, but shortly thereafter her family moved to Rochester. Her parents were not congenial. She grew up in an atmosphere of discord and squalor—an atmosphere which for people who have not been through that particular hell is difficult to understand.

Her environment made her shy and retiring—unsure of herself and inhibited with dreams.

She never associated with girls [*Continued on page* 62]



FIRST screen glimpse of lovely Evelyn Laye who set Broadway all a-flutter last winter in "Bitter Sweet". Her initial film "Lilli", written by Louis Bromfield with music by Nacio Herb Brown is soon to be released with John Boles the lucky guy who plays opposite her.



BRINGING FASHION

Hurrell



"THE latest fashions from Hollywood." That's what we're going to give you each month in Silver Screen. Exclusive ones, too, that won't be in other magazines, and the kind that real girls can wear to work and to play and for heavy dates.

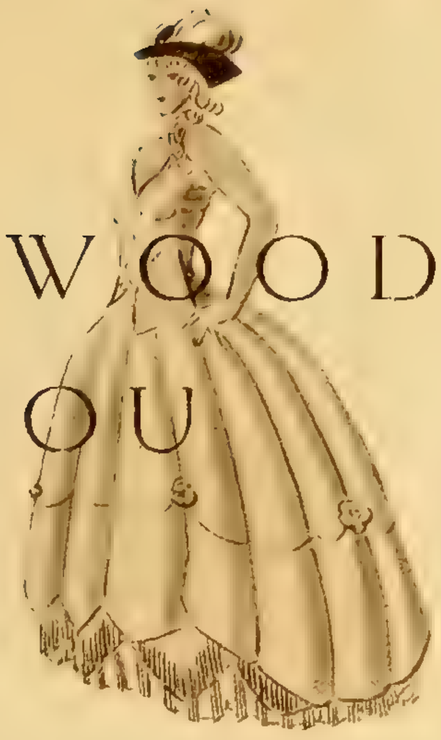
Hollywood fashions have a definite meaning in the life of regular American girls, Silver Screen believes. Paris is still Paris and probably always will be.

The little touches. the oh-so-chic note will continue to come from Paris but for that gay note of youth, vitality and freshness, we're looking toward Hollywood.

The trouble with most Hollywood fashions published is that they are the extravagant, wild kind, created for an extravagant scene and not intended to be taken seriously as smart costumes.

Silver Screen won't publish these fashions. Silver Screen Hollywood fashions will be really smart yet really practical—and here's the real low-down—they will be the kind you can buy on a budget income.

HOLLYWOOD TO YOU



Hurrell





SOFT-KNITTED brown and beige tweed is used for the sports dress selected by Leila Hyams for every day wear. The brown velvet bow around the neck matches her vagabond hat, and brown suede and kid slippers and beige pull-on gloves complete the emsemble. With it she wears a lapin coat made on the newest winter lines. Suitable for all weathers and occasions, the entire outfit can be duplicated for not over two hundred dollars, including accessories.

On the opposite page Miss Hyams chooses a dark blue flat crepe gown, made on the new fitted lines. Similar pumps of a matching shade and a closely fitted turban complete a costume correct for any hour of the day or evening. Fifty dollars will do it all. Next month—exclusive Christmas clothes posed by Mary Brian.



Hurrell

EDWINA BOOTH, more beautiful than ever, has entirely recovered from her African sojourn with the "Trader Horn" and is ready to resume work at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.





OVERCOMING the handicap of stupid advertising that labeled her a second Gish, Helen Twelvetrees is rising to stardom at Pathe through the sheer force of her beauty and talent.

Russell Ball



Chidnoff

ILKA CHASE has brought a new kind of smartness to the screen. She is so much the sophisticated lady that she can even be a trifle risque at times—only in pictures, of course—and get away with it. She's under contract to Fox, but was loaned to be one of "The Best People".



Richee

BIG BOY BANCROFT has decided to be good! After months of idleness because of contract disagreements, George has returned to work and all is serene on the Paramount lot. His latest picture is "Typhoon Bill", after which he will begin a newspaper yarn, playing a hard-boiled city editor..

From Starvation To Stardom » »

A Close-up—on the opposite page—of a gentleman and an actor—Robert Montgomery.

AN INTERVIEW *By* BARBARA TANNER



As the tragic young coward in "The Big House" Robert Montgomery scored his greatest hit. But he prefers playing comedy.

SCOTLAND, Ireland and England got together to produce Robert Montgomery. Belfast was the abode of his immediate forefathers. Bob himself came from Brooklyn, New York. Skeptics may take train there and give a look at Montgomery Place.

In the days before movies and aeroplanes and chocolate sodas, Bob's grandfather was the most respected and hated gentleman in Brooklyn. He was, according to popular ideas, a heathen and a madman. He was, according to Bob, a grand guy. He feared neither God nor man and loved life. On Christmas and Thanksgiving he brought his horses into the dining-room and fed them there with gusty ceremony.

Robert (M-G-M) Montgomery claims, with honest pride, to be descended from a long line of Montgomerys who were horse-thieves or who did nothing, but both with infinite grace. One of his ancestors bumped off a King of France in a tourney. They all lived with energy, aplomb and great relish. If Bob runs true to Montgomery form, he will have amassed a fortune at forty—and at fifty be poor again. And still blithe.

His parents, he says, were swell. His childhood, happy. He was never spanked in his life, which he construes as a warning to parents to smack their children lest they grow up to be movie actors.

Ten years ago, Robert's effervescent spirits sickened of the limitations of school. A song of high hope in his skinny, adolescent bosom and his brow knit with the profundity of his purpose, Bob settled down to write the great American novel. He wrote a good deal. The great American novel never quite reached conclusion, but several short stories did. When they were duly returned by editors, Bob retired from literature.

It then being important for him to earn his living, he cast about for an entertaining means. With sure Montgomery instinct for the precarious, he decided on the stage.

For three years, he starved. Gracefully, one is sure, and with an air. For he wasn't good at getting jobs. Well-mannered and rather shy, his formality gave managers named Moskowitz the sensation of being high-hatted. Thus, rôles that fell his way were few and far between. When they did come, they were almost certain to be in shows that bloomed quickly and died.

When an occasional dinner invitation provided the first food he had glimpsed in a couple of days, Robert would feign surfeit from a heavy tea and wave the viands aside. This, in case his hosts might sense that if he ate, it was because he was famished and a failure. Which would have been gross misunderstanding all around, since Robert himself knew that he wasn't.

During this time when hope served, more than once, as breakfast, lunch and dinner, Robert evolved the philosophy which carried him through. It was, roughly, this: that a dream—as he sheepishly calls it — must never be relinquished. That a person bearing the shining burden of any definite idea or ambition must never allow it to be smirched by discouragement if he ever wants to use it. An intelligent person, working intelligently toward a specific goal, need never be discouraged if he but have a little of the mountain-moving brand of faith. Thus Mr. Montgomery. Such an ideal sounds very young—but p.s., he got the goal, didn't he? And his faith moved managers, didn't it? Well?

Bob commenced to get his breaks, after the final discomfort of having, due to economic depression, to work as an extra in a Grace George show a few months after he had risen to her juvenile lead in a previous play that failed before reaching Broadway. Fast on the heels of this last test of a sturdy spirit, a silver lining spread itself for Bob. Rôles came with increasing rapidity—good notices—rising salary.

In a play called "Possession," he was so good that the movies reached out a hand—Louis B. Mayer's—and grabbed him off.

Arriving in Hollywood with the first contingent of stage importations, Bob was received with cold shoulders, lifted eyebrows and the cut direct. Our Western inhospitality to players from the New York theatre was then at its height. Bob, for several weeks, found the studio gateman the nicest person in California because he would at least say "good-morning" to a fellow.

The only confrere to be civil to him was Eddie Nugent, a fellow actor on the same lot. Eddie, himself too intelligent to share the hysterical prejudice, took Bob under his wing and helped him over the toughest spots of adjustment to the strange, new medium. Result, they are still close friends and sing each other's praises.

When Bob's first option reared its head, he was joyous —and as good as on an eastbound train. He was lousy on the screen; it was obvious that socially he was offensive on the lot—what could that mean but that his presence was no longer required? In his elation he was already, mentally, throwing his arms around Grand Central Station, N. Y. Then M-G-M exercised their option and retained him.

He is a corking good actor. Genuine talent always wins and Bob's co-workers soon began speaking of him and to him. So, Bob likes Hollywood better now, but will always be prey to a chronic nostalgia for New York.

He doesn't like movies as they are. Except for the money, he prefers the stage to the screen. Working on the stage, is, he says, like an expert game of tennis; working in pictures, like batting a tennis ball [*Continued on page* 55]



The most influential threat of all—the possible co-starring of Charlie Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan. Janet didn't like this picture a bit.

The Story Signing of Fox Pact

Janet Gaynor's back at work. Here's the low-down on what caused all the rumpus.

I AM very happy over my new picture, 'The Man Who Came Back.' It affords me a great dramatic opportunity. And I am also enthusiastic over plans for my future stories."

In a thrilled but chastened voice, Janet Gaynor thus confirms the settlement of her feud with the Fox Company. A feud fraught with misunderstanding and heartbreak on both sides—and which has been the principal topic of discussion in Hollywood for the past six months. In fact, the movie colony had come to resemble somewhat an armed camp as celebrities ranged themselves with either the Gaynor or Fox-Sheehan factions.

For when a girl who has never evidenced any symptoms of the well-known artistic temperament, suddenly walks away from her studio and refuses to work, like ads for a certain breakfast-food, "there's a reason."

There were those who felt that Janet was justified in her strike—that she had been forced to do stories unsuited to her talents, that she had been overworked, and that her salary was comparatively one of the lowest in Hollywood. And there were others who saw in her behavior only rank ingratitude to the man and company responsible for her eminence.

As it happens, though, no one recognized the factor which really caused all the controversy. Perhaps even those most concerned never saw the situation in its true light—the battle of a lone man against a giant machine. The hopeless struggle of Lydell Peck, a loyal and devoted husband, to take his place alongside his wife, to aid her and guide her.



Young Lydell Peck, who thought a law career small price to pay for marrying Janet Gaynor. He wanted to help her in her work, to protect her. But husbands don't do such things in Hollywood.

And Lydell, quite unintentionally, was the cause of all the trouble! In any other walk of life, a husband *can* help his wife. In fact, it is expected of him. But not in the motion picture industry, where husbands are just so much excess baggage.

Lydell Peck did not know that.

When he married Janet Gaynor, he was a prosperous young attorney of Oakland, Cal. He gave up his remunerative law practice without a murmur and came to Hollywood to take his place beside his wife. He felt that her career was more creative than his, that she had more to give to the world. He determined to make his life part of hers. He loved her so!

Finding his niche in the scenario department of another studio, he watched his beautiful girl-wife's work with a newly-awakened perception of pictures and their values. And he began to wish to lend to her the knowledge he had absorbed, to strengthen and support her. A labor of love.

The last picture Janet had made before her marriage was "Sunny Side Up," a musical comedy scarce worthy of the sympathetic dramatic talent of the little actress. But it was a box-office wow all over the country. So the studio decided to repeat.

Immediately upon her return from

Behind *the* *the* Gaynor-of Peace

By

KAY WILSON



Charlie and Janet, the team who found fame and fortune together, before husbands and contracts began to complicate matters. They're reunited in "The Man Who Came Back."

her honeymoon, she began another musical comedy, "High Society Blues." She hated it.

"When I read the script of 'High Society Blues,' I knew it wasn't for me," Janet says. "And if Mr. Sheehan, who has always been my confidante and advisor, had been in Hollywood, I never would have made it. But he was in New York at the time—and so against my better judgment, I played it.

"I can't begin to tell you how unhappy I was all during the making of that picture. I kept losing weight every day until finally I went down to ninety pounds. Then I saw the 'rushes.' I left for Honolulu the next day and felt as if I never wanted to make another picture again as long as I lived!"

Of course, Lydell was her advisor during this troublous time. What more natural than that he should wish to step in and protect his wife from all unpleasantness, all worry? I think any man would have felt the same under the circumstances.

So the two youngsters evolved a plan to save the whole situation. They would suggest to the studio that Lydell be allowed to supervise Janet's pictures! Thus, she would be saved all responsibility, while assured that her interests would never suffer! And he would be near her all the time, able to advise and help her!

But they failed to consider that the motion picture industry is a business—and like all businesses, a coolly calculating machine. Then the machine began to work.

It's possible that Janet and Lydell blundered in presenting their well-meant plan. It's probable that they went about it too hot-headedly. The Fox studio says they did. The studio declares Lydell demanded he supervise all Janet's pictures, pick the stories and select the cast. Which is quite a demand as well as quite a job.

At any rate, the studio didn't like it—and the machinery was set in motion—at its task of changing a star's mind.

Now, remember, the studio had nothing against young Mr. Peck. In fact, they liked him. He was a most presentable, satisfactory prince consort. But, and here is the point, *prince consort* he must remain, doomed always to play the rôle allotted stars' husbands in Hollywood.

For, despite their admiration for him, they could not overlook the fact that he was comparatively inexperienced in picture-making. They could not afford to gamble on the productions of their biggest star, for both her sake and their own. Not even to please a husband!

Besides, you can readily see that it would never do for them to set such a precedent as to allow the husband of one of their women stars to take full charge of her productions, be he ever so capable. For from that time on, every married woman on the lot would demand the same privilege before signing on the dotted line.

While Janet was in Honolulu, the studio went ahead with its plans for "Liliom." It's true that they sent for her, and that she refused to return in time to do the part—but it's also true that she was a sick girl. Losing a pound a day can't go on forever—another month of such a strain and a nervous breakdown would have resulted.

So, Rose Hobart was assigned the rôle originally intended for Janet.

Finally, Janet had stayed away as long as possible. She returned to Hollywood, a little older, a little browner, with a puzzled, hurt look in the depths of her dark eyes, and went down to the sea. She and Lydell took a house at Playa del Rey and for the first time in her life, she relaxed. Ever since she started working, from the days as a clerk in a San Francisco shoe store, to the days of her stardom, she had had few moments of leisure. She needed a rest.

But while Janet relaxed, the studio stayed very much on the job. "Liliom" went forward rapidly. The part opposite Charlie Farrell was a great one—and, refusing it was the one mistake in little Gaynor's campaign. She really shouldn't have walked out on a rôle like that!

The studio took Janet off the payroll. They sent out judicious statements. Miss Gaynor's contract had three years to run. If she didn't work for them, she couldn't work for anyone. They announced eighteen pictures planned—with no mention of Miss Gaynor in them. They talked, loud enough to be overheard, about co-starring Charlie Farrell and Maureen O'Sullivan. And the deadlock continued, with Winnie Sheehan in far away New York smiling quietly in his wise Irish way.

And Janet continued to spend long, indolent hours beneath the almost tropic sun—lan- [*Continued on page* 56]



Jackie Coogan's coming back as "Tom Sawyer." At fifteen Jackie's a millionaire, a trouper, and a regular guy.

The KID Even GENIUS CAN'T SPOIL

By

MARGARET REID

THE profoundest of platitudes is that time really does fly. Jackie Coogan, the beloved baby of the "Kid," is now fifteen.

"It feels sort of funny," he observed thoughtfully. "I call boys that are twelve and thirteen 'kids.' But at the same time I'm not grown-up myself. It feels—it feels—funny," he concluded helplessly.

Jackie returned to his chocolate malted milk and took a hearty draught that left a slight moustache of foam on his upper lip. Deftly removing it with his tongue, he continued.

"Do you like dog races? Do you know that a greyhound's stride is twenty-six feet? I have one. A Catholic priest gave him to me and he races him for me down at Agua Caliente."

It was Jackie's first luncheon in the Paramount commissary. He was the cynosure of attention. It was the first time in several years that he had been glimpsed by many of those present. Obviously, they were curious, staring at him in search of the heartbreakingly wistful baby whom Chaplin had discovered.

Jackie was completely unaware of their interest. With fine aplomb he devoted himself to luncheon and to conversation. He has none of the clumsy shyness of the awkward age. Without being in any-way smarty or a "prodigy," he is quite at ease in any company.

He is returning to the screen, via Paramount, in "Tom Sawyer."

"It's nice being back at work again," he said. "I feel as though I'm starting a whole new section of my life. And everything's so different now, with talkies. It's like going exploring. It's fun."

His eyes shone with enthusiasm. They are the same limpid, sweet and intelligent brown eyes of "The Kid," but now *aware* and thoughtful. His face is indeterminate as yet, the nose still retaining a bit of the vagueness of childhood, the wide, merry mouth disclosing new teeth of a size that need some growing up to. He is as brown as a berry from daily swimming and so sturdy as to escape the angles of adolescence.

The waitress brought his sandwich. With marked distaste, Jackie opened it and removed the lettuce.

"I like a sandwich—not a salad," he remarked largely.

A gentleman waved to him across the room.

"Hallo, Mike," Jackie called, gesticulating and grinning. "That's Mike Levee," he explained. "He's swell."

Levee it was who produced Jackie's pictures when he became a star after "The Kid." And to Levee is due the credit for Jackie's present return to the screen.

Jackie's retirement from work when his parents decided that nothing must interefere with his schooling, took him away from studio circles. It was several years after Mr. Levee had last seen the little boy who was his favorite star, that, a few weeks ago, his secretary announced a Jack Coogan who wished to see him about advertising space in the Loyola College paper. And in walked a boy in long trousers, the earnest advertising manager of his school paper. There was a demonstrative reunion, [*Continued on page* 60]



» » » WHY *Can't The* "IT" GIRL KEEP HER MEN? « « «

By LAURA BENHAM



On the screen she's sex triumphant, but off screen, why won't Clara's beaux stay tied?

AT THE moment the thing to do is to knock Clara Bow. Let's admit she has been making an idiot of herself in the papers. That's beyond argument. Let's admit her bad taste in letting the report get out of her settlement with a doctor's wife over the doctor's affections. Let's admit her worse taste in following this immediately by going to New York to visit Harry Richman to the tune of a thousand cameras.

It's all true, but I think Clara should be sobbed over rather than scolded. For she's not bold nor brazen. The wildness, the boldness in her comes not from hardness but hunger—from the hunger that is the hardest of all to bear—heart hunger.

On the screen Clara Bow is the epitomization of sex run wild—a girl upon whose entrance into a room every woman present clutches her husband more tightly or suddenly decides it's time to go home.

Off the screen Clara has reigned in the hearts of many men. She had been engaged and engaged. She has admitted her hungering for a home and family. Yet no man has led her to the altar.

Why has her every real-life romance flared but for a moment, then sputtered and died, leaving her with a broken heart, puzzled and wounded, hiding her hurt with a new burst of seeming abandon?

Why can't the "It" girl get her man?

Of course, Clara has sent many suitors away, as has every girl. To every woman, at some time or other, there come men whom she likes, whom she admires, whom she nearly loves—but who fail to kindle the divine spark.

So with Clara. All those who loved her have not found their way to her heart. Though it probably hurt her more than it did them, to tell them so.

But several men have moved her deeply. On more than one occasion in her life, Clara has teetered perilously on the brink of matrimony. Why has she always drawn back?

What greedy fate has wrested from her warm, eager fingers the love she was so close to realizing?

Coursing across her path have been Gilbert Roland, Victor Fleming, Gary Cooper, Dr. Earl Pearson and Harry Richman. All but one, single at the time of her attachment —all but one, "eligible." Yet one by one, they have passed out of her life.

"Why did he stop loving me?" little "Miss Broken-Hearted" writes to the "Advice to the Lovelorn" column of her hometown paper. And just as surely, Clara Bow can question the fate which has given her everything but love.

From her earliest babyhood, Clara's life has been a groping for understanding and sympathy, an upward struggle fraught with hardship and adversity. She has had to contend with every conceivable obstacle, from a half-maniacal mother who oftimes threatened her life, to a shiftless father who, rumor has it, is paid seventy-five dollars a week by the studio merely to keep away. [*Continued on page* 58]

THE FIRST OF A SERIES OF THE TRUE



At two in the morning Jerry ment and found Kate standing "I've come to

The HOLLYWOOD

WHEN it was announced that Jeremy Tyler was leaving Kate Conway, all Hollywood was interested but scarcely surprised. Jeremy Tyler was one of the town's handsomest boys, a pet and a darling, with a marvelous contract on the Mercedes lot and a handsome future.

Kate Conway Hollywood knew nothing about—or practically nothing—and cared less. She didn't belong in the first place. She was out from Broadway and wasn't on the screen. By no stretch of avocado trees could she be called beautiful. Nor was she young. And a wife like that in Hollywood rates about as much attention and sympathy as a horse around a busy filling station.

A little later Jeremy did leave home and proceeded to run around with some of the town's most fatal and expensive blondes. He made a couple of pictures for Mercedes, which weren't quite as good as they had been expected to be, but which got by, and people accepted him as one of the many lads on the Gold Coast, married but not working at it, pleasantly on the make, good on parties and generally charming.

Then the talkie bomb broke changing the whole map of Hollywood. Jerry's contract held because he had stage experience and knew how to handle his voice. He was perfectly safe professionally but what got Hollywood whispering was that in the time when everybody was being upset and acting wild, Jerry went back to his wife.

It wasn't a phoney reconciliation. The Hays office hadn't gotten after him and there weren't any old-home photographs of Jerry and Kate in the papers.

But you could tell the reconciliation was real. Something came back into both their faces which had been absent for a year. Something showed in Jerry's work that had been lacking before—a certain depth, a certain sensitiveness—that indefinable asset that the camera catches and which transforms a player from just an actor to an integral personality.

And Kate?



walked into his bachelor apart-there. "Hello, Jerry," said Kate, take you home."

Illustrations by R. F. Schabelitz.

INSIDER

The story of Kate Conway who learned what actors love.

Well, for the first time Hollywood became aware of Kate. It began wondering what she had. Jerry was a popular boy and the girls didn't particularly want to give him up. In a spot packed with the strangest love stories in the world, they tried to understand this one. They sought whys and wherefores but being Hollywood, they naturally overlooked the simplest reason, which was the answer to it all.

To tell you about it, I have to go back to the story of Kate Conway from the beginning.

I knew Kate better than any one in Hollywood and like all men and no women who knew her, I was terrifically fond of her. If she had ever given me a tumble I would have been in love with her, but from the day when she first hit the Broadway show of which I was the press agent, I was a kind of favorite dog with her. You know—she occasionally patted me as I passed. When she was tired or blue she liked me around. She trusted me for errands and she accepted my devotion. And I was just about as important to her life as the Society for the Preservation of Local Wildflowers is to Herbert Hoover.

But one man was important to her and she was important to him. He was Douglas Vachell, by far the most important actor-manager on Broadway.

One day at a try-out he discovered Kate. The rest of us hadn't noticed her for there was nothing particularly outstanding about her. A girl of average height and slim, the only things you observed in her, on second glance, were unusually large grey eyes and a mop of yellow brown hair which she wore pinned in a heavy knot on the back of her neck. That set off her head, which was round and lovely. Otherwise we would have all passed her up except for Vachell.

We respected Vachell's opinions and we had a reason. For Vachell had picked up three or four equally unknowns —Myrna Thomas, Betty Peterson, Gloribel Lee, and made personalities of them, and if he were to pick up this

unknown Conway girl and turn her into stellar material, it didn't seem impossible to us.

Vachell picked Kate Conway and he taught her to act. And their relationship might have been similar to Vachell's with Betty Peterson and Gloribel and Myrna except that this time Vachell fell in love. He was middle aged and experienced and he should have known better but he loved Kate Conway with a madness that was at once both touching and pathetic to see.

She didn't love him. That was just as plain. She liked him. She respected him. In rehearsals she was very definitely, very sincerely, the pupil at the feet of the master. She accepted Vachell's caresses and returned them when she had to, but she was visibly as untouched by them, and as exquisite, as crystal untouched by the warmth of the woman that wears it. Don't ask me why this attitude should have driven Vachell to an infatuation that was practically insanity. I don't pretend to understand the workings of the human heart. Love is a cruel, dark beast at best and this love was twisting and torturing Vachell as nothing had ever tortured him before. Perhaps it was that women usually loved him, for he was a forceful, fascinating animal. Perhaps it was Kate's very imperturbability—I don't know. Whatever it was, it practically killed Vachell, and all the time Kate went on as though Vachell were a particularly nice bottle of wine which she desired only to sip and not to drink.

But maybe because I was fond of her, or perhaps because she occasionally gave me her confidence, I saw a little behind the magnificent mask she wore for the public. I saw what the others overlooked—that she wanted to be an actress, a great actress, and that nothing outside of that mattered to her.

Artists are like that—real artists. It's a thing hard to make the world understand. They actually have no real selves, in the sense of you and you and me. When the bright flame hits them—the bright flame of ambition and dreams—their real selves die. Only their dream selves are important to them—the selves they search for and occasionally find in music, or paint, or as in the case of Kate Conway, in acting.

And they are safe, those artists, until something in real life, so much bigger than dreams that it can not be ignored, hits them. Then they become human, and as ordinary, if you like, as the rest of us, and feel as we feel and get a sense of right and wrong. But it's harder on them than on us when it strikes them, because we've been prepared for it all our lives and expect it. But they haven't been so, and in order to gain they must also lose, and the struggle of it all lays them low.

It struck Kate the fourth season she was playing as Vachell's leading woman. And the form it took was Jeremy Tyler.

Their show that year was very simply titled "Devotion" and the story concerned a young girl, the elderly man who had loved her for years without benefit of clergy, and the boy she was to meet and fall in love with. Vachell, of course, was to play the older lover and Kate the girl.

The only problem was to find the proper juvenile.

Then Jeremy Tyler was sent up to Vachell's apartment to read the part and one look and Kate Conway turned from being an actress into being a living, breathing woman.

Love may be blind but jealousy isn't. Vachell heard the change in her voice with the very first words she spoke. He saw the difference in her face and felt the difference in her embrace, which changed from being merely passive to definitely impatient. But he was too enamored to let her go, and he was too vain not to gamble on his own ability to hold her. He hired Jeremy for the rôle.

The rehearsals were, for an on-looker like me, perfectly swell. The air was as tense as midnight in a haunted house. Vachell quarreled constantly with Jerry, with Kate. Neither of them could read a line to suit him. He went over their performances again and again, in his jealousy unconsciously changing and refining their work till it glittered brilliantly.

Those two behaved marvelously. They were both in love and they both knew it but they hadn't said a word to each other. Vachell was always present, watching them. But when they played their one long love scene together, they weren't acting. All the dammed-up love they had for one another came out as they read those speeches. True to the rehearsal tradition, they didn't put in the kisses and the caresses the rôles called for. But, inevitably, their heads came close even in the most formal rehearsal, and a strand of Kate's hair would occasionally brush against Jerry's cheek or she would feel the warmth of his breath on her throat. And at those moments the printed scripts they held would tremble in their hands and from somewhere out in the auditorium Vachell would bellow at them for a vowel they had swallowed or an "ing" they had elided.

The house was packed the opening night. A few whispers had leaked out, of course, and the critics sat ready. The stage story was close enough to the real story to fascinate them. It's always that possibility of human accident that holds an audience tense.

The first act went beautifully. The applause was just right, neither too little, which would mean a frost, nor too much, which would mean the critics were trying to make up in sympathy what they lacked in enthusiasm. The first scene of the second act, which was Kate's and Vachell's, went smoothly. The air smoldered a little between them but I doubt if that could be noticed from the front. Then came the second scene, which was Kate's and Jeremy's, the love scene which Vachell had to come in and discover.

Kate and Jeremy went into it, playing it to the hilt. Jerry was playing the idealistic boy, suffering the pangs of first love. Kate was the girl, slowly awakening to the things she had lost. They went into the scene and their voices fairly sang the words. For they were not two actors in a scene. They were man and woman talking to each other. Jerry was making his own avowals to the girl who was Kate Conway. And Kate was pleading with him, pleading with him to understand.

The audience as a person leaned forward to catch every word, every gesture. It's wierd how an audience gets things like that but that whole house knew, instantly, that this wasn't acting. Out in the wings Vachell stood, waiting his cue, his face set and bitter. Then Kate held out her arms to Jeremy, from the chaise longue where she was lying. He threw his long, slim, boy's body beside her. Their mouths met and the whole theatre was still as they went to heaven against one another's lips.

The kiss held for a minute, for two, for three. That kiss was Vachell's cue but he stood in the wings as though riveted there forever, staring, staring at those two on that stage before him. From the auditorium rose that laugh that means the hysterical snapping of nerves. Answering laughs rose and



"Even if we starve to death I'm going to marry Kate," Jerry announced.

Vachell turned fiercely on the stage manager, standing beside him.

"Ring down," he commanded.

"But, Mr. Vachell," stammered the man.

"Ring down, you fool," Vachell growled. "Ring down or I'll knock you down."

He strode in on them then and he was merciless.

Outside, on the opposite side of the curtain, we could hear the audience departing. There was laughter and there was grumbling, for the taxicabs and the limousines hadn't arrived yet. I should have beat it for the newspapers, but I knew the story would be all around town in a half hour and I wouldn't have left the theatre for a fortune,

[*Continued on page* 52]

MORE MOVIETOWN TOPICS

[*Continued from page* 11]

PATHE once had Ina Claire (Mrs. John Gilbert) under contract as a star, but they finally agreed to disagree and the agreement was torn up.

Ina appeared in "Rebound" on the stage in Los Angeles, hoping that some picture company would buy it for the talkies. One of them did—it was Pathé, but Ann Harding is to be starred.

A lot of actors didn't buy Austin cars because they can't get their heads in.

Which reminds us that Charlie Judels has promised to open a hat store in Hollywood exclusively for actors—carrying only sizes from 14 to 18.

Like most home-towns, Sedalia, Missouri, just won't take its favorite son, Jack Oakie, seriously.

On a recent visit back there, according to "Variety" Jack greeted his old friends and enemies in his usual energetic fashion. The town loafer made a few cracks about Jack's freckles. "You look like a speckled hen," he said.

"Say, listen," retorted Jack, "These freckles are simply rust from my iron will!"

Al Christie takes a great pride in the small patio directly outside of his office at the Metropolitan studios.

He recently became a miniature golf fiend so one morning his scenario staff presented him with a golf course.

It was all laid out in his pet patio!

He let out one yell and disappeared into his office.

Mrs. Wallace Beery, née Mary Gillman, former extra girl, just ups and walks out on Wally the other day.

Wally doesn't want to talk, Mary hasn't started divorce proceedings, and the screen villain has hopes of a reconciliation.

Mary Nolan really deserves the title, "The Hard Luck Girl."

Her career has been one long struggle against adverse criticism and notoriety. Lately, as a result of spite work on the part of an ex-maid, she was involved in a story concerning narcotics. She was examined by numerous specialists and given a clean slate. And Universal is backing her to the limit, giving her two grand new pictures, after she finished "Outside the Law."

From present indications, Lina Basquette is going to keep on living without either her baby or Peverell Marley.

She failed in her recent attempt to end her life with poison, and has also failed in her efforts to win the custody of her child from Harry Warner, brother of her first husband.

And now Peverell Marley, the young husband for whom she gave up her baby, has just divorced her.

Just when Hollywood was getting all excited over the "romance" of Josef von Sternberg, lately divorced, and his provocative foreign discovery, Marlene Dietrich, word leaks out that the lady has a husband back in Germany.

Of course, a few months in Hollywood may remedy that. It does do things to foreign gals.

Maria Corda divorced Alexander Korda after a short residence in the cinema capital.







Currently. cornered. by Cupid: Above, Jack and the new Mary Pickford; at right Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Gibbons (Dolores Del Río) and left, Mr. and Mrs. Nils (Vivian Duncan) Asther,



The "Sunny" girl between the two happiness guys is Marilyn Miller. It's Director Bill Seiter at her left. Right, Jerome Kern who writes Marilyn's songs.



Two talented girls who know how to get along, little Lois Moran and her beautiful mother, who is her manager as well.

Camilla Horn and her ball-and-chain came to a parting of their ways.

So who knows what the future will bring Marlene!

They all come back!

Natalie Kingston, who was beginning to make quite a name for herself in pictures when she succumbed to the lure of domesticity, has returned to her first love.

She has one of the featured rôles in "Her Wedding Night," which is Clara "IT" Bow's latest.

Staggering into a Hollywood cafe a drunk demanded aspirin for a size ten headache.



Two Broadway-ites go to Hollywood and meet. Director Edgar Selwyn explains the mike to star June Walker in the presence of much local talent.

The Universal zoo is no more!

Modern movies have no need for trained animals, so the eighteen-year-old collection of birds and beasts has been abolished. Its keeper, Charles Murphy, is returning to the grease paint from whence he came. In "Spell of the Circus" he will devote the talents heretofore used for placating wild animals to appeasing the wrath of movie directors.

Freddie Fox, assistant director and brother-in-law of Darryl Zanuck, associate producer, says his weakness is Lotti Loder, Viennese "find." Lotti, being a vamp won't admit anything.

Betty Boyd, voluptuous vamp and one-time Wampas baby-star, is "that way" about Lane Chandler.

But what's a poor actor to do when a big producer like Mack Sennett tries to cut him out? With Rolls-Royce and gardenias as inducement?

At present, Betty is dividing her favors.

Just an old Hollywood custom!

There's a hamburger stand near every cat and dog hospital!

One can have a bite to eat while the favorite poodle is having his fleas removed.

Trunks have a special significance to Frank Fay, stage star, and Hollywood's favorite master-of-ceremonies.

For if an array of packed trunks greets him when he arrives home in the evening, he knows he has some explaining to do.

Mrs. Fay, better known as Barbara Stanwyck, has more than her share of the artistic temper—ament. And whenever she gets mad at Frank, she packs her trunks and threatens to leave. She never does, however—Frank always manages to fix things up.

Yola D'Avril, snappy Parisian actress, and Eddie Ward, song writer, have been making eyes at each other.

Eddie Cantor is one person who has profited from the recent stock market crash.

He has just sold a screen idea, based on the comic side of stock market plunging, to Universal, for $25,000. And he received $10,000 from M-G-M for "Caught Short."

Rudy Vallee may have a million feminine fans, but Lupe Velez isn't one of them.

The other night at the Roosevelt Hotel, Lupe was introduced to Joe Friscoe, well-known vaudeville performer.

Joe was delighted at meeting the little Mexican cyclone and proceeded to try to make a good impression by asking solicitously about the welfare of her "brother Rudy."

He is still trying to find someone who can translate into English what Lupe said.

His impression is that she doesn't care for Mr. Vallee.

Another unfinished story of Heartbreak Town—

For months pretty Ruth Boyd, a tiny blonde from 'way down South, had struggled for a foothold in movieland. Finally one day while "making the rounds" of the independent studios she was picked for her first part. It was her big chance!

She was the first person to arrive at the studio next morning. Eagerly she waited the director's signal. The cameras started.



Another rising son is Noah Beery, Jr. Young Noah is here discussing his first part with director John Adolphi. You'll see him in First National Pictures.

Ruth fell to the floor!

She was rushed to the hospital, and while she was operated on for appendicitis, another girl was playing her part.

A certain prominent motion picture producer invited a famous author to a preview of his latest epic, held in one of the suburban picture houses.

At the conclusion, the producer asked his guest what he thought of it.

"I think it's very good," replied the author. "The thing I liked best about it were those expansive mountain scenes on the new wide film."

"Listen to you," said the producer, "I sent a $10 cameraman up to the mountains for those scenes. They weren't expansive at all."

We just can't keep track of Phillips Holmes' romances.

First it was Mary Brian.

Then Helen Twelvetrees seemed to occupy his heart.

Next Mary Lawlor took the centre of the stage.

And now it's Mary Brian again.

The Fates of Filmdom sometimes play strange tricks . . .

Six years ago when "The Dressmaker From Paris," starring Leatrice Joy, was shown upon the screens of the country, movie fans and critics alike predicted a great future for Dorothy Seastrom who appeared in a small part.

Last March Dorothy died . . . no press notices in the papers that once heralded her . . . just a funeral notice in a small paper in Dallas, Texas where she died.

Hollywood didn't even know Dorothy had passed away.

The Paramount picture won Dorothy a contract with First National.

Her whole life centered around the one ambition—to be a star. She worked day and night.

And then, she found herself in a very weakened condition and was forced to ask studio executives for a leave of absence. The leave was granted. On a doctor's examination it was found that Dorothy had weak lungs.

Several months in the Pottenger sanitarium seemed to improve her health. Then back to the studio—but all in vain. She broke down again . . .

Mary Nolan met an old actor friend recently.

"Oh," she said, after greetings had been exchanged, "I want you to play a part in my next picture!"

"I'm afraid I can't, Mary," said the friend, "I've retired."

"Aw, come on!" urged Miss Nolan, "Be a support!"

Tom Mix is right back where he started over fifteen years ago—in the circus.

Only, instead of the $11 per week he drew down in those days, his salary now is somewhere in the neighborhood of $11,000 weekly.

And while Tom is hitting the sawdust ring, his popular wife Victoria, is being squired to Hollywood festivities by Ernie Pegano, erstwhile gagman and scenario writer.

And they can't blame it on Hollywood!

After many years of marital happiness, Charles and Clara Grant Ray have come to the parting of the ways.

And it didn't happen in movieland.

During the years of the Rays' residence in the cinema capital, when Ray was one of the most popular juveniles in



To get a new slant on football, the big game sequences from "College Lovers" were directed from atop a huge camera crane.

pictures, the god of love perched serenely over their doorway. Even when they plunged into adversity, when all their savings were swept away through unwise investments, Clara and Charlie managed to weather the storm together.

But lately things haven't been going so well.

Charles has tried unsuccessfully to stage a comeback on Broadway and though they deny rumors of an impending divorce, Charles and Clara are living in different apartments, and admit that they have separated for good.

Who says position doesn't count?

During the three or four years that she was an extra girl, Jean Harlow was just another blonde in Hollywood.

Then, Howard Hughes gave her the lead in "Hell's Angels," and she was skyrocketed to fame.

Now, Jean Harlow is the most popular girl in the movie colony, the last word in sex appeal.

Hollywood—where the first hundred *yeahs* are the hardest.

A girl just can't be sure—

A certain prominent movie director, whose engagement to a beautiful red-headed actress had just been announced, was called to New York suddenly.

About a week later feeling lonely, she decided to call him.

The hotel clerk in New York informed the actress politely that Mr. So-and-So wasn't in but that his wife was.



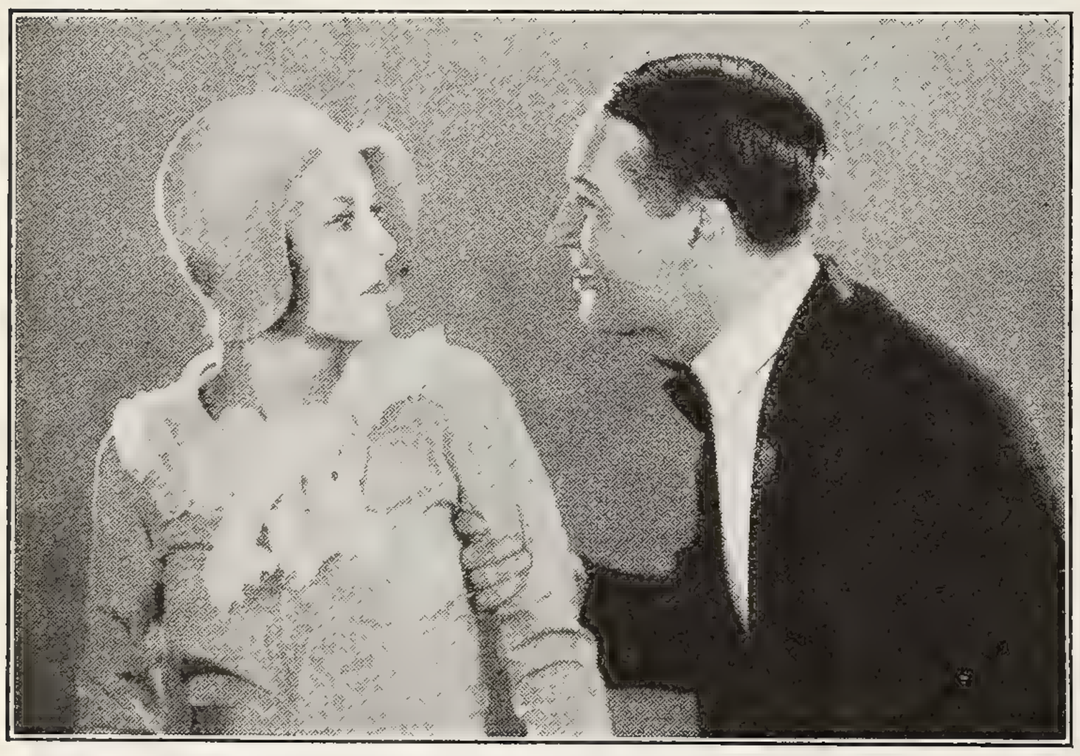
ABRAHAM LINCOLN—*United Artists*

WITH tenderness and strength yet a moving restraint, D. W. Griffith brings Abraham Lincoln to living, breathing reality. Not for a moment does he falter.

Rarely gripping are the scenes of Lincoln's early romance.

The Civil War scenes are handled as only Griffith could and are exalting and thrilling, both pictorially and emotionally.

Walter Huston touches perfection in the title rôle, while Una Merkle as Ann and Kay Hammond as Mary Todd give splendid performances. It's very great.



PLAYBOY OF PARIS—*Paramount*

CHEVALIER, that devastating boy of the boulevard, is his most magnetic self as a gay writer with whom all the girls fall in love. In fact they fight over him. The fun is fast and furious and French. Frances Dee, the latest discovery, is clever and Stuart Erwin puts over some grand comedy. A beautiful way to spend the evening.



MONTE CARLO—*Paramount*

AGAIN that master of subtlety, Lubitsch, takes a slender story and makes it interesting. It's one of those themes about a wilful countess who runs away from a marriage-of-state only to fall in love with a hairdresser. When she finds that he isn't a hairdresser—well, see for yourself. Jeanette MacDonald and Jack Buchanan are the leads.



MADAME SATAN—*M-G-M*

CECIL DE MILLE, M-G-M's prime impresario of bathrooms, has gone slapstick! His latest epic, "Madame Satan," contains everything but a custard pie. It's the old story about the cold wife, Kay Johnson, the jazz baby, Lillian Roth, and the stepping spouse, Reginald Denny. You'll enjoy this especially the spectacular ball on a Zeppelin.

SILVER SCREEN'S



LOVE IN THE ROUGH—*M-G-M*

FOR lovers who golf and golfers who love! An amusing little musical yarn of romance on the links. Robert Montgomery is ingratiating as the poor boy and Dorothy Jordan is adorable as the heiress. Benny Rubin furnishes lots of comedy, a little too conspicuously, but you'll laugh every minute. And there are some catchy tunes.



ANYBODY'S WOMAN—*Paramount*

AN OLD theme redeemed by the acting of Ruth Chatterton and Clive Brook. The story of a burlesque queen who marries an aristocrat while he is in his cups. Paul Lukas plays, and plays well, the man who would take Ruthie out of it all—honorably, of course. But true love triumphs. Slow-moving but effective. Miss Chatterton is beautiful.



LILIOM—*Fox*

CHARLIE FARRELL, doing his best talkie work to date, plays a Hungarian carnival barker who is loved by two women, a sinner and a saint. He marries the saint, beats her, dies, goes to heaven and is redeemed. This strange and daring story is beautifully handled by Director Frank Borzage. Much too good to miss.



HER MAN—*Pathé*

BASED on the tawdry old ballad of "Frankie and Johnnie," "Her Man," has been made into one of the finest talkies ever.

What a cast it has and what performances they give—Helen Twelvetrees as Frankie and Ricardo Cortez, staging a great come-back as Johnnie, the man who done her wrong; Philips Holmes, just a heart-breaker as the man who leads Frankie to better things. Add one of the greatest fight sequences ever screened. Go yourself, but don't take the children.

REVIEWING STAND



WHOOPEE—*United Artists*

A CARBON copy of a Ziegfeld show, with all the girls, the color, the lights and the pageantry, plus Eddie Cantor and lively tunes. It would cost you five dollars in the flesh on Broadway. You'll get it for much less, but you'll miss the glow of reality—and it isn't talkie stuff really. A good musical that should have been great.



THE RAP—*M-G-M*

GOOD two-reel comedians, when they make full length features often flop, but not so Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in their first feature length production, "The Rap." It's a burlesque on "The Big House," and if you don't believe that can be funny, go and see what a mistake you've made. The children will fall for this hard. It's a scream.



ANIMAL CRACKERS—*Paramount*

GOOFY and crazy and mad and marvelous, the four Marx Brothers return to the screen in "Animal Crackers." The title doesn't mean a thing. Neither does the plot. Lillian Roth is in it, some good tunes and most hilarious dialogue but the Marx boys are the whole show. If you like absolutely insane humor—and we do—see this.



CALL OF THE FLESH—*M-G-M*

BY personality and a truly magnificent voice Ramon Novarro saves a trite story from mediocrity. He plays a light-hearted troubadour who finds his soul through love for the little convent-bred girl, Dorothy Jordan. You'll enjoy the love scenes between these two, which have a rare poetic charm. Miss Jordan improves with every performance.

SILVER SCREEN'S



DOUGHBOYS—*M-G-M*

IT'S TOO bad for the Army when Buster Keaton enlists by mistake—his own. He almost wins the war, single-handed, for Germany. In fact, the only reason he and Cliff Edwards survive is because they're too dumb to kill. Sally Eilers furnishes sex-appeal, and how! If you like unsubtle comedy, you'll go for this!



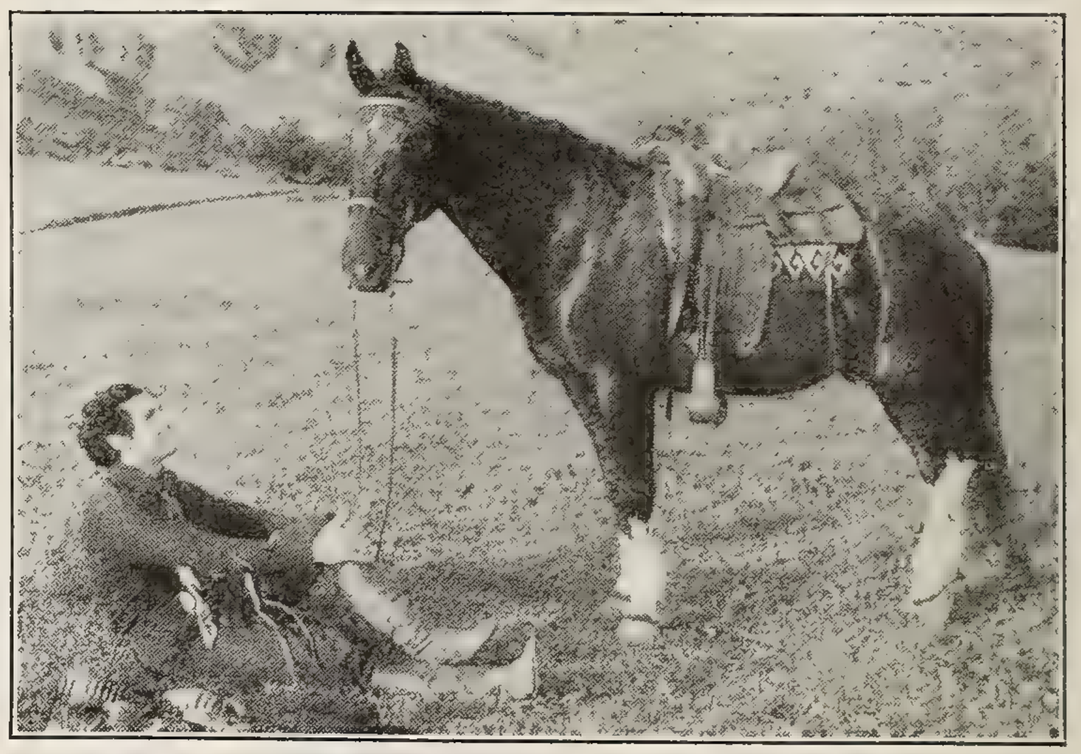
MOBY DICK—*Warner Brothers*

MOBY DICK," which was made as a silent several years ago and called "The Sea Beast," comes to talkies with John Barrymore again playing the leading rôle. It's the same stirring tale of old whaling days made even more graphic with sound and vastly superior. Barrymore is grand and Joan Bennett, in the part Dolores Costello did originally, is beautifully quaint. The whole film is swell.



OLD ENGLISH—*Warner Brothers*

AS THE lovable, cantankerous old rapscallion, Old English, George Arliss gives a flawless performance. He has led a life of impeccable honesty until his eightieth year. Then misfortune augurs ill for his grandchildren. So, he pulls his first shady transaction, and as a result, pays the supreme penalty. A great production. Put this on your "must see" list.



BILLY THE KID—*M-G-M*

A ROUGH and ready epic of the west is this saga of the life of Billy, the Kid, youthful desperado who terrorized the pioneer Oklahoma country. Johnny Mack Brown plays Billy, and though some liberties have been taken with real history, the picture is convincing. Kay Johnson is the girl-friend and Wallace Beery almost steals the picture.



VIENNESE NIGHTS—*Warner Brothers*

LAID in romantic old Vienna, this has much of the lilting spirit of "Maytime." Alexander Gray is a gallant Captain of the Guard, Vivienne Segal is the sweet young lass, and Walter Pidgeon the handsome band-master. There you have the eternal triangle, even in those picturesque days. Charming music by Sigmund Romberg and Oscar Hammerstein II place this above the average.



THE SPOILERS—*Paramount*

THE SPOILERS," epic of the silent days, has been reborn to a new triumph. This time Gary Cooper and William Boyd are the combatants, and Betty Compson and Kay Johnson furnish the love interest. The spirit of the Alaska gold rush has been thrillingly captured by Director Carewe. You'll get a thrill.

REVIEWING STAND



REMOTE CONTROL—*M-G-M*

A MYSTERY yarn with a radio background, this has everything from jewel robberies to weird murders to amuse and frighten you. William Haines is his usual smart-aleck self, and right good he is, too. Mary Doran is the heroine, while Charlie King and Polly Moran furnish excellent bits of comedy. There are lots of big laughs.



THE SEA GOD—*Paramount*

HERE'S a rip-roaring adventure story, laid under the sea. Richard Arlen is a deep-sea diver whom the natives of one of those far off islands believe a god, and Fay Wray is his lady fair. A wild yarn, but so entertainingly handled that you'll eat it up. Watch Robert Gleckler. He's good.



THREE FRENCH GIRLS—

CHARMAINE, Diane and Madelon, fatal mademoiselles, make hectic havoc of an Englishman and two visitors from the land of the spree. The setting is an ultra modiste shop where love flies in on wings of mirth. Fifi Dorsay, Yola D'Avril and Sandra Ravel are the girls, Reginald Denny is the Englishman. It's elegant fun.



EAST IS WEST—*Universal*

EAST IS WEST" comes to the sound screen—this time with Lupe Velez in the Ming Toy rôle originally played by Constance Talmadge. It's all about a little Chinese girl who falls in love with an Amelican boy, played by Lew Ayres. Lupe isn't very Chinese but elaborate settings and expert direction make it pleasing entertainment.



DIXIANA—*RKO*

DESPITE its lavish presentation, "Dixiana" misses being a good picture. In a setting of 1848 New Orleans, Bebe Daniels plays a circus performer who falls in love with a wealthy landowner, only to be rejected by his family. Her voice is delightful while Everett Marshall, as her lover, sings nobly. Still, there's little to recommend.



GOOD NEWS—*M-G-M*

THE latest argument in favor of higher education, "Good News," is a fast, collegiate farce. Bessie Love is a zippy jazz baby, while Stanley Smith and Mary Lawlor furnish the romance. Mary's charming. The musical numbers are good even if you've heard them all. "The Varsity Drag" is done snappily by its originator, Zelma O'Neal.



Hollywood's Most Beautiful Extra Girl

SILVER SCREEN set out to find Hollywood's most beautiful extra girl—and here she is!

Jane Arden is her name and when we found her, we also found the answer to why most girls go back home.

Her career is explanation enough, and is typical of the lives and careers of the hundreds of girls who have come from all over the world to Hollywood, responding to its lure, like moths to the flame.

For not only is Jane Hollywood's most beautiful extra girl—she is Hollywood's most successful. She worked more days last year than any other extra girl in pictures. Yet her earnings totalled only $2,429, or an average of $40.80 a week.

To earn this, Jane had to possess more than beauty. She had to have youth, talent, education, and the willingness to work untiringly, uncomplainingly. She had to be an expert swimmer, a graceful dancer, a proficient horsewoman, apt at tennis and golf—and she had to maintain a $3,000 wardrobe!

Jane worked two hundred and twenty-five days last year—and such work! Difficult days on outdoor locations. Tedious hours on stuffy sound-stages, with nerves stretched taut over endless delays. Indigestible meals eaten hastily from paste-board boxes. Taking chances, dangerous, risky chances with a smile. All for forty dollars a week.

Just what a good stenographer could command anywhere. Forty a week for always looking her best, always being game, never being tired, always ready to work, anywhere anytime, and each night facing the problem of where the next day's pay check is coming from, an eternal cycle of hope, fear and struggle.

That's the life of Hollywood's most beautiful extra.

Now do you wonder why most girls go back home?



NAME Jane Arden — WARDROBE

ADDRESS — PHONE HO 6913

ADDRESS Lasky-Ranch PHONE HE 3715

EXP'CE 1 yr. EXTRAS some Very complete

TYPE — CLASSIFICATION —

AGE 19 HEIGHT 5-5 WEIGHT 116

CHEST — WAIST — HAIR blonde EYES dk.blue

SPORTS drive, swim, dance

REMARKS

O.K. Dress A

Good Figure

SPECIALTIES

Has played parts, engenue leads, Sidney Olcott Henry Otto.

Record

Above, exquisite Jane Arden as she appears on the set, ready for the day's shooting. Below, the front and back of Jane's card, as listed with Central Casting. These coldly statistical cards are what kill the dreams of most extras. Personal charm, the soft flattery of pretty eyes—these no longer can be brought to the director's attention. The little card goes instead. The things that count are talent and youth, the things that win are merit and courage.

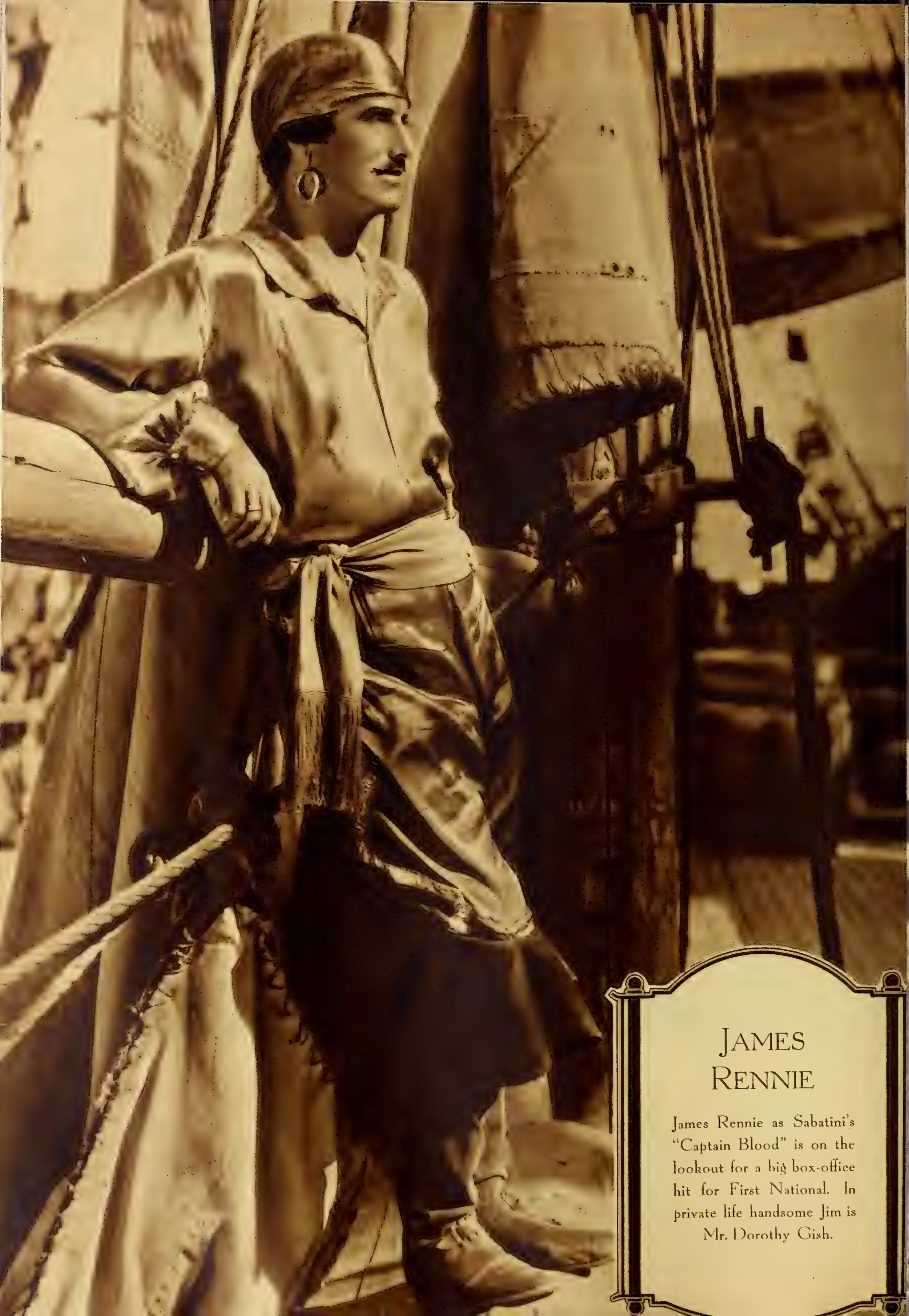
ACT	X	JEWISH	
BLONDE	X	LARGE	
BEAUTIFUL		LONG-HAIRED	X
COMEDY		LATIN	
CHARACTER—YOUNG		MAIDS	
CHARACTER—M. A.		NURSES	
CHARACTER—ELDERLY		RIDING	
DRESS—YOUNG	X	SPECIALTIES	
DRESS—M. A.		SWIMMERS	X
DRESS—ELDERLY		SMALL	
DANCERS	X	STUNT	
ECCENTRIC		SPINSTERS	
FAT		TALL	
GOOD FIGURE	X	THIN	
GOOD-LOOKING	X	TOOTHLESS	
GRAY-HAIRED		UNDERWORLD	
HAGS—OLD		VOLUPTUOUS	
INGENUE OR COLLEGIATE		REMARKS	

Year----------1929
Worked---------- 225 days
Idle---------- 140 days
Earned---------- 2,429.
Weekly Average--$40.80



MARILYN MILLER

"Sunny" days are almost here! Marilyn Miller, who adorns both stage and screen, brings her loveliest character to talkies before turning her "Smiles" on Broadway.



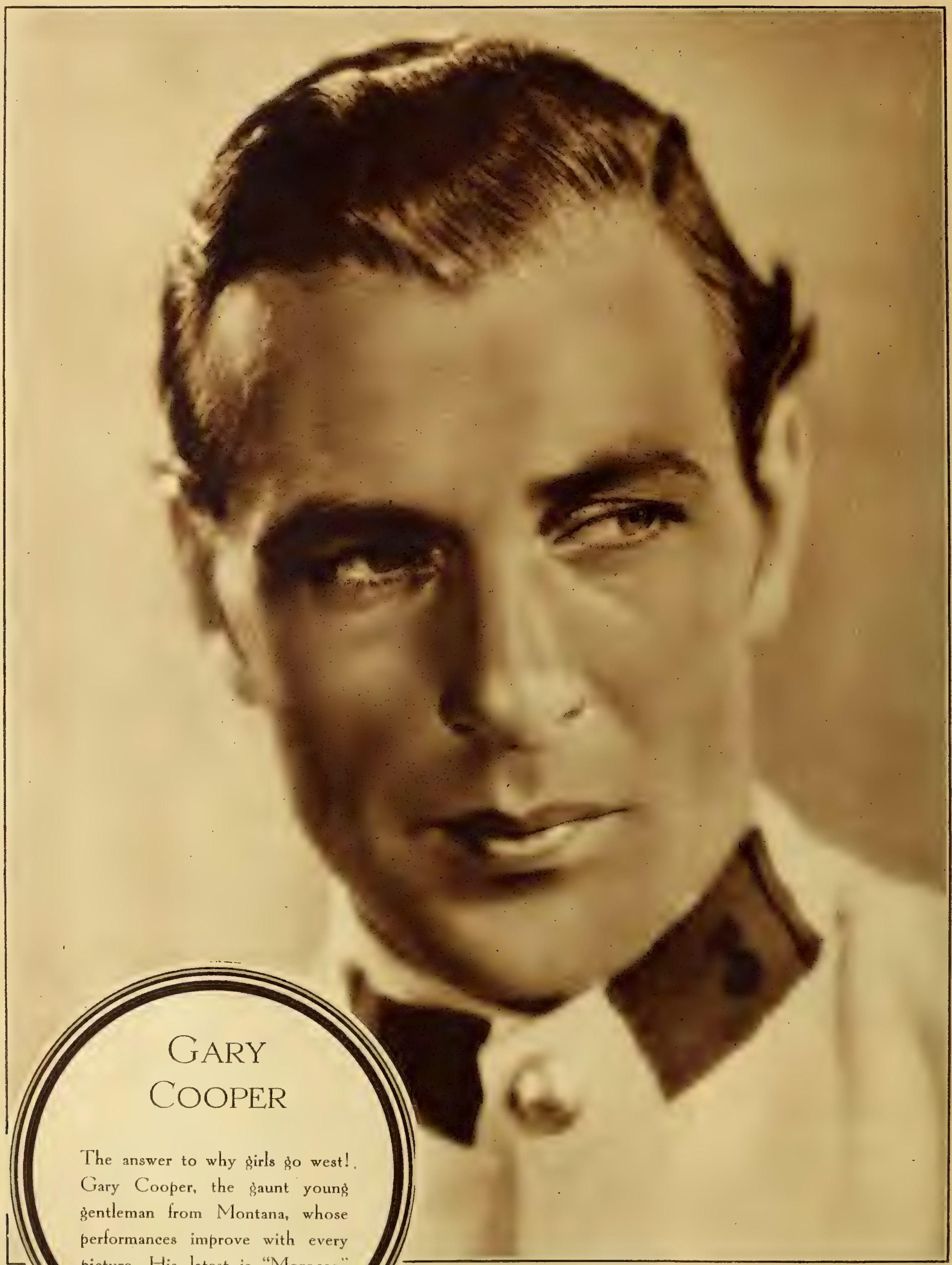
JAMES RENNIE

James Rennie as Sabatini's "Captain Blood" is on the lookout for a big box-office hit for First National. In private life handsome Jim is Mr. Dorothy Gish.



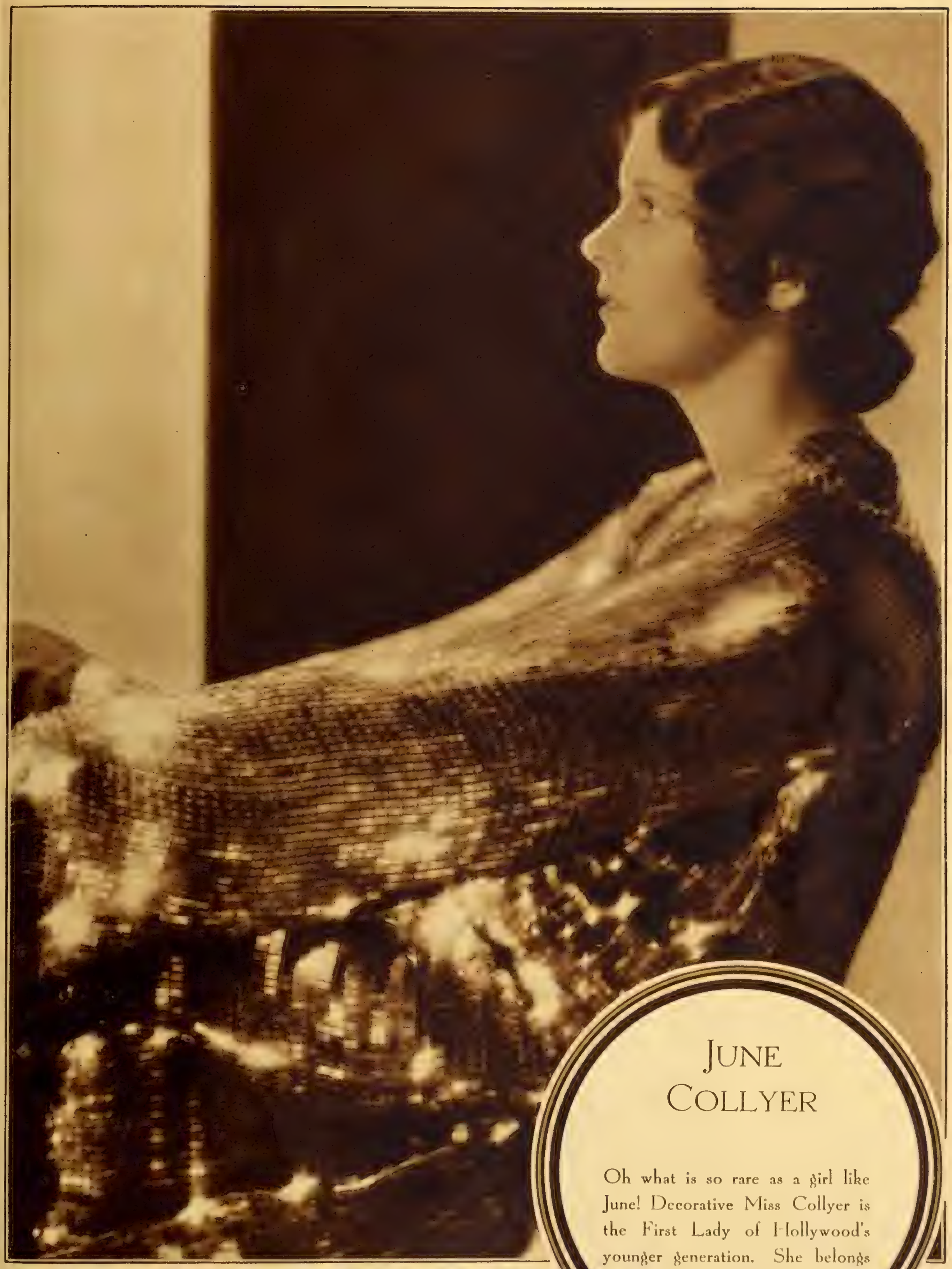
ANITA PAGE

The arresting Anita Page, one of those intriguing Spanish blondes, discovered by M-G-M. You'll see more of her in "War Nurse".



GARY COOPER

The answer to why girls go west! Gary Cooper, the gaunt young gentleman from Montana, whose performances improve with every picture. His latest is "Morocco" for Paramount.



June Collyer

Oh what is so rare as a girl like June! Decorative Miss Collyer is the First Lady of Hollywood's younger generation. She belongs to Paramount.



JOAN CRAWFORD...JOHN MACK BROWN

WE'LL bet Joan Crawford was thinking of Doug, Jr., when this scene from "Great Day" was taken. And no doubt Johnny Mack Brown's mind was dwelling on his pretty wife Cornelia. Such are love scenes in the movies!



You will be fascinated by this luxurious, inexpensive Beauty Bath that gives INSTANT results

MERELY dissolve half a package of LINIT in the tub, bathe in the usual way, using your favorite soap—and then note the remarkable effect on your skin.

After a LINIT Beauty Bath, there is left on the skin an even, invisible "coating" of LINIT which takes the place of dusting with talcum by making the skin smooth and soft immediately after drying off. This light LINIT powder is absolutely harmless—does not clog the pores but absorbs perspiration and has a most soothing effect on irritated parts of the skin.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of LINIT. Being a pure vegetable product, it contains none of the mineral properties found in many cosmetics today. Doctors and dermatologists who realize the purity and soothing qualities of Starch from corn generally recommend it for the tender and super-sensitive skin of young babies.

LINIT is sold by your GROCER



the bathway to a soft, smooth skin



"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is – Palmolive Soap . . . I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

Marguerite Hoare

An interview with Marguerite Hoare, *of London* on the relation of *soap* to beauty

Why soap is essential–and which soap to choose . . . answered by adviser to women of exclusive social and diplomatic circles.

WHEN women of importance choose a beauty expert in a strange city, they make their choice with some care. During the Naval Conference in London, the wives of the delegates consulted women in diplomatic circles. Who took care of the wives of ambassadors and ladies of distinguished British families? . . . they asked. "Marguerite Hoare, of Mayfair," was the answer.



Wives of ambassadors and distinguished members of society come to Miss Hoare for advice and beauty treatments.

Miss Hoare's salon at 19 South Wolton Street is one of the world's important beauty shops. Here, Miss Hoare recently gave an interview on home beauty methods that will be of genuine interest to every woman.

"WHEN *not enough* soap and water is used," said this prominent expert, "one risks oiliness, blackheads and similar disfigurements. When the wrong soap is used, one suffers dryness, roughness, irritation, injured skin texture.

"My solution to the problem of cleansing without irritation is—Palmolive Soap. Palmolive is a delightful soap to use — bland, soothing and gentle. Yet its soft lather has wonderful cleansing properties. It softens and carries away all impurities from the pores.

"I feel especially safe in using and recommending Palmolive, because I know that no oils are used in it except vegetable oils."

The Palmolive method of home cleansing is so easy to follow. Here it is, as outlined by the leading beauty specialists all over the world:

First, massage a rich lather of Palmolive Soap and warm water tenderly into the skin.



The twice-daily cleansing should consist of massage with a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water, followed by thorough rinsing.

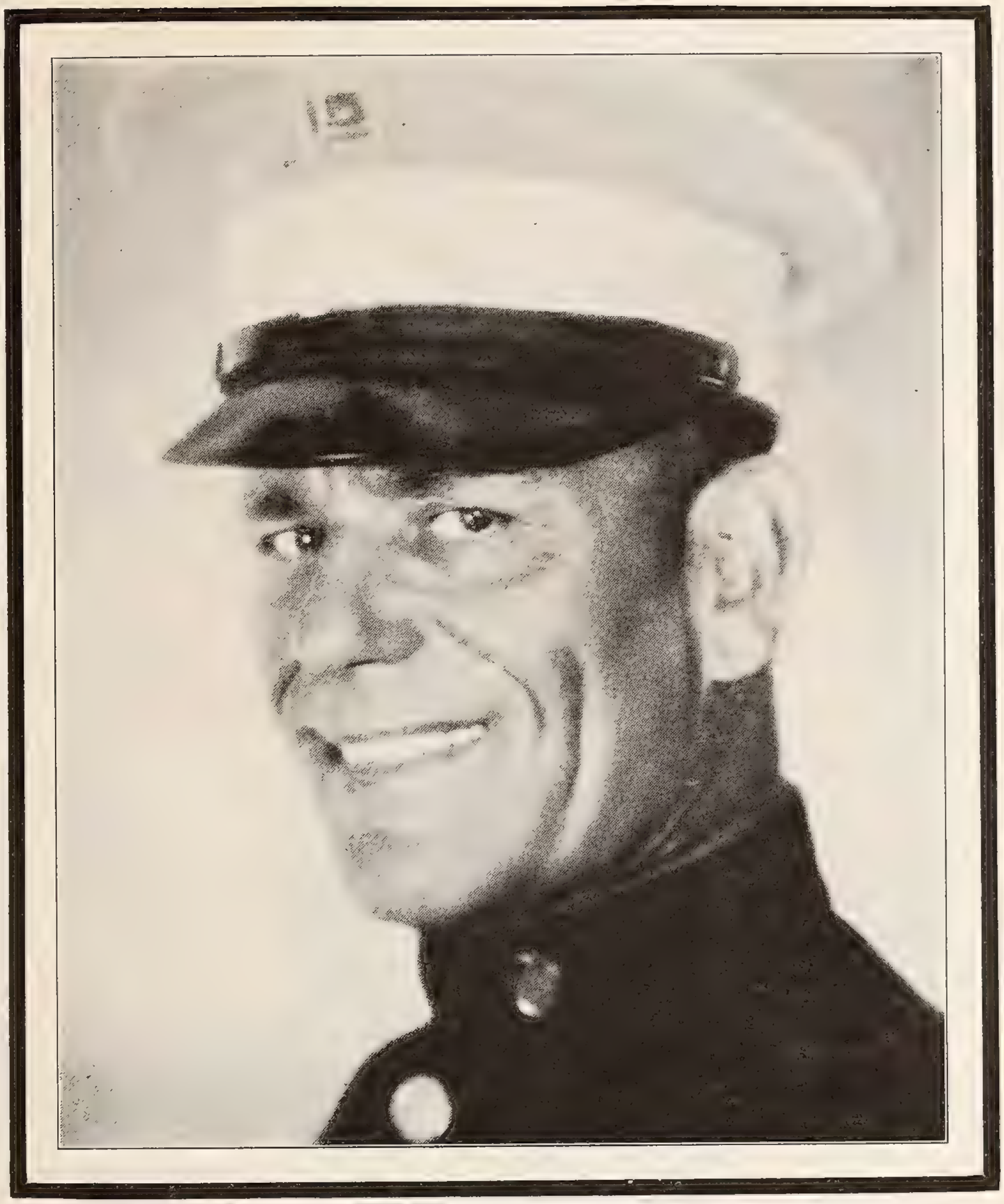
Now, rinse off the soap with plenty of warm water, then colder and colder, until your skin actually tingles.

This Palmolive cleansing is the method advised by Marguerite Hoare of London, who advocates and uses Palmolive Soap in all her beauty treatments. *The same method* is recommended today by 23,723 beauty experts all over the world, who in all their experience have found no better, safer method.



PALMOLIVE RADIO HOUR–Broadcast every Wednesday night–from 9:30 to 10:30 p. m., Eastern time; 8:30 to 9:30 p. m., Central time; 7:30 to 8:30 p. m., Mountain time; 6:30 to 7:30 p. m., Pacific Coast time–over WEAF and 39 stations associated with The National Broadcasting Company.

Retail Price 10c 6071A



IN MEMORIAM LON CHANEY APRIL 1, 1883 - AUGUST 26, 1930

WHEN three years ago Lon Chaney was first prevailed upon to break his long silence regarding the story of his life, I was the fortunate interviewer to whom he gave his history.

I had the privilege of many long interviews with him and through those meetings I came to know Lon for the gallant and generous person he was.

His was one of the strangest figures in a town where the unusual is the rule.

Born the son of deaf and dumb parents, his life was one long struggle over environment and handicaps.

He reached the fifth grade in school. After that he had to leave and start the task of wage earning.

He did anything and everything. He was a guide up Pike's Peak. He was, impossible as it seems, an interior decorator. He was a stage hand, a prop boy, an actor in the days when barnstorming meant murky opera houses in sleepy villages, impossible overnight jumps on cold, draughty trains, and near starvation.

A fortunate engagement with a Los Angeles stock company turned his mind toward movies.

He played all kinds of bits —cowboys, policemen, thugs, anything to get a day's check for three dollars and the hope that the check wouldn't bounce back when he tried to cash it.

It wasn't until William S. Hart gave him a rôle in "Riddle Dwan" that anybody noticed him. Eventually, "The Miracle Man" clinched him as a star.

Stardom did not affect him. The plaudits of the crowd reached him too late in life to disturb him. To praise of his acting he had one invariable answer, "Aw, g'wan, it wasn't anything."

He had four loves. His art, his vacation home in the high Sierras, his son and his devoted wife. Those were his life. He asked nothing more and repulsed anything else.

His work he loved with a consuming passion. What he suffered for it is unbelievable. I watched him once don a make-up where he had to put rings made of invisible hairpins under the lids of his eyes to secure the eerie effect he wanted. It was agonizing but Lon endured it to give careless audiences a passing thrill.

He was called the mystery man of the movies but there was no mystery about him save that of a noble and truly simple soul in a town dedicated to glitter and bombast.

He died as he had lived, quietly and without whimpering. A fatally incurable disease had threatened him for years. It was only a matter of time, but the end came, mercifully, a little sooner than had been expected.

The Man of a Thousand Faces has donned the Mask of Death, but his work lives on. Lon Chaney was a great artist and a greater man.

—R. W.



The Chaney funeral at Glendale, Cal.

THE HOLLYWOOD INSIDER

[*Continued from page 34*]

anyway. I thought Kate might need me.

"You know, I suppose," Vachell was saying to Jeremy, "what this woman has been to me?"

The boy went white but he stood his ground. "I know Broadway," he said, "so I can guess the terms you've tried to get."

"You know she knows nothing but what I've taught her, has nothing but what I've given her? Do you know that I can keep you both off Broadway forever and that I will do it? That you'll be out of work, both of you, and penniless?"

"I don't know that," said Jeremy, "but it doesn't matter. I'm asking her right now to marry me—tonight, if she will."

Vachell swung around on Kate, who was standing upstage, speechless, her eyes wide and the make-up standing off her white face as dreadfully as blood on snow.

"And you," said Vachell. "May I tell you what you are?"

He proceeded to tell her and Vachell was an educated man. He knew every word in the English language that could be supposed to hurt her most cruelly and damn her most completely. He used several of them and she took them, with her head up and her eyes closed, but they struck her as visibly as though they had been thongs beating against her skin.

Then Jeremy spoke quietly. "I'm sorry, Kate," he said. "He's an old man but I shall have to do this" and then he shot out his fist, connected it perfectly with Vachell's jaw and laid him out cold.

I went out with them and acted as witness in the little Connecticut town where we finally found a justice of the peace who was still up, and willing to perform a marriage ceremony.

Now though the things that happen on Hollywood Boulevard are hot news on Broadway, the truth doesn't hold in the other direction. All Broadway might murder itself and Hollywood wouldn't care.

When I left Broadway, the clamor of that Vachell first night was still ringing in my ears. The wedded lovers had retired to bliss somewhere up in New Hampshire and I decided to go west and proposition Ike Leven, President of Mercedes films, for a job.

Ike and I were old friends. I knew that I could get some kind of a job with him.

Kate had solemnly promised to write but nearly a year went by before I heard from her. It was a very short note.

"Do you suppose you could get anything for Jerry in the movies?" Kate wrote. "Vachell's boycott has worked. We can neither of us get anything. Our money is nearly gone. I've nothing for pictures but you know how handsome Jerry is. I'm sure he'd make a hit."

Of course, Kate had always used less words than an Indian but I knew from the shortness of that note that things weren't quite perfect. So I unearthed a profile of Jerry and took it down to Ike.

"Here's a new juvenile come straight from Broadway to glorify Mercedes productions," I told him.

Now I'd never taken Jerry seriously. He was the guy Kate was in love with, as far as I was concerned. But I marked the gleam in Ike's eye.

"Yess," said Ike. "He iss good. He's got woman power. Tell him to come. I'll give him seventy-five dollars."

"Don't break your heart," I said. "He's got a wife. Besides that guy can act."

"Whether he can or can't makes no difference with a face like that," Ike said. "Make it a hundred. I'll go no higher. He'll come for that. They all do."

I knew when Ike couldn't be pushed so I went out and wired Jerry. Five days later I was down in Los Angeles waiting for the Overland Limited to come in.

Jerry bounded off first. He *was* a handsome lad. Country life had agreed with him, too. He was bronzed and straight shouldered and just enough heavier, and watching him, with Ike Leven's statement in mind, I noticed that passing feminine eyes did light on him and having lighted, stuck.

"That," said I to myself, "is what is called sex appeal" but just then I stopped thinking about anything because Kate had come off the train.

She had on a home-made dress. Does that tell you? If it doesn't, my words will have to dry up right here, for nothing shouted at me so plainly what had happened to Kate in that year. Kate Conway, a Broadway leading woman, gowned in a blue and white printed silk that she had visibly run up by ear on a sewing machine in an old farmhouse.

I came forward to grab a couple of their bags. Jerry got to me first. I pumped his hand. Then I stopped to get a close-up of Kate. She didn't have on a shade of make-up.

"Train came in so fast you didn't have time to powder the old nose?" I kidded her thinking of the 63 hours from Chicago.

She didn't come back at me. Instead she looked up at the male profile beside us. "Jerry hates make-up," she said.

I went weak in the knees. Kate had lost her sense of humor. So this was what love did.

I steered them out. "This battered chariot will tote you to your future home," I said. "You'll like it, Kate. It's a little house up in one of the Canyons, all by itself in a grove of eucalyptus while outside the door some saint planted acacia bushes that get you drunk on perfume in March and April."

"I hope it's got a good kitchen," Kate said. "I can cook now. It's swell."

Jerry began talking then so I put my mind on my driving. He said things about Broadway, about his art, about what he thought of movies, more about his art. We got at the little house finally and I cleared out fast. I was to take him to meet Ike the next day.



Marie Prevost and her sister are both decorative girls. Peggy is an interior decorator while Marie decorates anything in which she appears. Her latest is "War Nurse" at M-G-M.

About a week later when I knew they were running off his screen tests, I went up to visit Kate. She was busy sweeping.

"Listen," I said. "That husband of yours is going to be a hit. I have it straight from the front office. He's going to be a hit and this town is full of wicked women who take candy from children, money from millionaires and husbands from wives."

"Do tell," said Kate. "Do you think blue hangings would be nicest against that north light over there?"

"I wouldn't know a blue hanging from a green one," I said, "and I wouldn't be interested if I did. I am here merely as an ambassador of fidelity trying to warn you to keep the home fires burning."

"Love makes a pretty good fuel," said Kate.

"Love mixed with something else," I said. "Love and lipstick, love and leisure, love and—"

"Lyricism," said Kate. "But I suppose you never heard of that."

"Do you call that broom lyric," I demanded, "or that high light on your nose?"

"I call them being honest," said Kate. "Getting back to fundamentals. Women seldom get the chance to love completely, without reservation. I—I know now what Vachell went through. He loved me. I didn't love him. I was just something artificial. Now I want to be real, real, real. No pretense. No acting. I just want to serve Jerry and live for him. I want to make him a great actor. That's my career now."

"We're all pretending," I said. "We are all of us acting, all the time. You're a personality, Kate Conway. You weren't meant to spend your days sweeping your husband's kitchen. He's going to be a hit, which means he's going to be flattered beyond all male endurance. He'll see his face in the papers of the world and his head will grow to match the size of his close-ups and the first thing you'll know all you'll be doing is sweeping up the pieces. Let me help you, Kitty. Tell me what I can do."

"You can get in that battered car of yours," Kate said, "and you can ride down the hill and not ride up again."

Everything went all right until the first night of Marcia Charlmon's picture, "The Customary Sin." Jerry was in the featured billing and as such was the lion of the occasion, after Marcia. So Ike gave it a Carthay Circle opening with all the sunlight arc, megaphone introduction, and roped off crowds of fans stuff. And Jerry brought Kate to the opening.

It was her first appearance at such a thing and, standing carefully hidden, I watched to see what it would do to her.

I knew she had come out with the typical Broadway attitude to Hollywood. She thought of Hollywood as a funny place and of the movies as the step-children of the older art of the theatre. She came to the opening as she would have come to a Broadway opening, expecting to be inconspicuous in the crowd.

She wore a gown of black satin, straight and slim, and a wrap of silver cloth with a silver fox collar. It was an outfit that would have been very correct on Broadway but beside the fireworks of a Hollywood first night, in the midst of the ermine, the diamonds, the orchids and the peroxide of the Camera Coast, it made Kate look merely dull and unimaginative.

They started up the path to the theatre entrance, she and Jerry. Jerry stopped to

[*Continued on page 54*]



JANET GAYNOR
the beloved little Fox star whose charm is so irresistible in the close-up, says: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for keeping skin smooth and soft."

You too must pass the Close-up Test



Screen stars must captivate millions when the revealing close-up is flashed on the screen. YOU must pass Critical Eyes, CLOSE TO YOU

AN EXQUISITE complexion spells romance! A skin so alluringly lovely that it can pass the cruel test of the close-up is a necessity for any star, 45 important Hollywood directors will tell you.

And the watchful eyes of millions are no more critical than the eyes that look at you. His eyes are your close-up test. The instant appeal of lovely skin is all important, whether you are winning the heart of millions —or of ONE.

So well do the radiant screen stars who hold the world breathless with their charm know this,



DORIS KENYON
(left) famous for her lovely skin, says: "It's a joy!"

that 511 of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood use Lux Toilet Soap for their skin. It has been made the official soap for all studio dressing rooms.

Photo by C. S. Bull, Hollywood

How people love the close-up! How beautiful smooth skin closely revealed in a flood of light draws them irresistibly! Under searching light is YOUR skin lovely to close, eager eyes? That is YOUR close-up test.

On Broadway, too, the lovely stage stars are just as enthusiastic about the exquisite care this fragrant, white soap gives their skin, and it is in the dressing rooms of 71 of New York's 74 legitimate theaters.

And in Europe, too—in France, in England, in Germany — the screen stars have borrowed this beauty secret of the envied American stars.

Use Lux Toilet Soap for the close-up complexion every girl wants. You will love the admiration of close, adoring eyes.



ANITA PAGE
(left) adorable M. G. M. star, says: "I'm devoted to Lux Toilet Soap."

OLIVE BORDEN
(right) Radio Pictures, says: "It's a wonderful soap!"

98% of the lovely complexions you see on the screen and the radiant skin of lovely girls everywhere are kept exquisite with

LUX Toilet Soap · 10¢

THE HOLLYWOOD INSIDER

[*Continued from page* 52]

speak into a microphone and a fan whispered in a hoarse voice, "You'd don't suppose that dame's his wife, do you," and Marcia Charlmon swept up and cried, "Jerry, my beautiful, do introduce me to dear little Mrs. Tyler."

Kate Conway dear little Mrs. Tyler. I could have broken Marcia's beautiful young jaw. I waited for Jerry to do it for me, but instead I saw him look at Kate and flush. In the same sickening moment I realized that Jerry was ashamed of Kate Conway as his wife, ashamed of her in her simple gown. And by the answering flush that suddenly colored Kate's face, I saw that she had sensed his humiliation and was dying within her own soul.

Are men more shallow than women? Some bird once pointed out that no woman is really happy with a man she can't be proud of. Well, that same bird might just as well have pointed it out about men, too. Yet why is it that when a man marries a superior woman like Kate Conway he will rarely be content until he changes her? Kate had fallen in love with Jerry Tyler. She wanted to please him and so when that dumb cluck had talked to her about abandoning make-up and making him a little home, she had gone to it. Yet, he got embarrassed when a dizzy blonde like Marcia came along and patronized her.

I puzzled about it and inadvertently, I stumbled into Kate and Jerry at the back of the house during the last half of the final reel, Jerry's brows were knit and they were leaving and he said, "It's a filthy break, but Kate's developed a terrific headache"; when a few weeks later I met Jerry at Marcia Charlmon's having tea all alone; when I bumped into him at Catalina with Elsbeth Lee, I knew the Hollywood virus was working.

I was heavy at heart thinking of Kate and I probably would have done something actively if the first reports of the Jolson talkies hadn't begun coming back to the Camera Coast, thereby upsetting everything.

In the midst of this I heard Jeremy Tyler had left Kate and set up a bachelor apartment. It was delightfully referred to as a marital vacation. I wanted to talk to Kate but the memory of how she had dismissed me the last time I tried to butt in rankled in my mind. Besides in some strange way I trusted Kate to look out for herself. So I let things drift until one day right in the midst of our hectic attempt to find a woman to play the lead in "A Sailor's Wife," Miss Conway was announced wanting to see me.

I rushed across the lot and out to the front gate and there was Kate smiling at me, a very New York Kate in a slim golden beige dress and a tight little toque, in sables, and with her lovely mouth generously coated with scarlet lip rouge.

"Oh, Kate," I said, very brilliantly.

"Have you got a private office?" asked Kate. "I want to talk to you there."

I walked her back across the lot to my little coop.

"Cigarette, please," said Kate carefully ensconced on the only chair.

"For once you'll have to do the talking," I said.

"Okay," said Kate. "I've come for that part in "A Sailor's Wife." I want you to introduce me to your Mr. Ike Luven or Levin or whatever his name is."

"Back to acting?" I cried. "It's wonderful. It's grand, but why—why now?"

"Love," said Kate.

"Love?" I queried.

Kate smiled. I think I have never seen such a beautiful expression on any woman's face. There was everything in that smile of hers, tenderness and compassion and hope and resignation. She suddenly leaned forward and put her little hands in mine, beautifully gloved little hands.



Footnotes on the future or the sandals a girl will wear in 1980 according to "Just Imagine." But you can wear them now and be smart.

"Dear friend," said Kate.

"Quit," I said. "I'll do whatever you want."

"Yes," said Kate, "I know you will but I mean that I treat you very badly but I know I can come to you when I'm in trouble, and perhaps that's what friendship really means. Anyway, listen. I love Jeremy Tyler. I never knew before what love could be—all giving and no demanding. I have changed so deeply inside since loving Jerry that I wanted to show it externally. I've never known such happiness as just working for Jerry, of doing silly things like making his bed and picking up his funny old socks and ties. But that was stupid of me. You see, my dear, Jerry married an actress. He was in love with an actress. And so an actress I shall be, not that rather pathetic person who wanted to be all real and sincere—and horribly dull."

"But—Jerry's been gone from you two months—why have you waited this long?"

"You need the breaks in love as much as in a career," Kate said. "This rôle in Sailor's Wife is a fat one and I'm too show-business wise not to know there's nobody out here now who can play it unless I can."

"But Kate," I said. "Suppose Ike does give you a test for it, and suppose you get it. She's an old part. She's got grown children. You'll have to look like a hag."

And then Kate gave me the answer that proved how much she belonged to the tradition of great drama.

"What do I care what she looks like?" asked Kate. "She's a great acting part, isn't she?"

I took Kate to meet Ike. In one glance those two understood each other. Kate demanded no terms except that they give her a test. In fifty feet of that test she had knocked them cold and the lot was hers. In the silent days she wouldn't have got a look-in but in sound she was magificent.

The picture went into the work the next week. Kate made only one demand—that her sets be screened in from observers. Then she asked me to tell her when Jerry was on the lot, so that she wouldn't run into him. Otherwise she said nothing.

Hollywood doesn't have to wait for a picture to be released to know if it's a hit. There are the daily rushes and after the first week's shooting Kate Conway was the most talked-about woman on the Coast. But she kept to herself.

I asked her no questions until she said, "Will Jerry go to our preview?"

"All Hollywood will go," I said.

"Jerry's all I'm interested in," Kate said.

"He'll be there," I said. "His own picture wasn't so forte you know. He'll be keen to see yours."

"Will the preview tell if I'm good?"

"The studio knows you're a wow now."

"But I want everybody to know," said Kate.

"They will," I said.

There was a pause.

"The night after the preview I want you to get me a key to Jerry's apartment," Kate demanded.

"I suppose you think I'd rob a bank for you if you asked me to."

"Well, you would, wouldn't you?" asked Kate.

"Yes," I said.

"All right," said Kate. "Get me that key."

The night after the preview Kate came in on me. She looked exquisite. Her eyes were wide and her color was high.

"I'm scared," she said. "Come with me."

Twin conspirators, we stealthily let ourselves into Jerry's bachelor apartment.

"You go into the other room," commanded Kate. "I'm going to wait here for him if it takes all night."

Midnight came and went, and one and two o'clock before I heard the scraping of a key in the lock. Then I heard Jerry's amazed, "Kate" and heard Kate's cool lovely voice answering, "Hello, Jerry."

"What are you doing here," Jerry demanded but his voice was soft.

"You're my husband," said Kate. "I nearly lost you because I was a fool. I was so in love with you I forgot to be charming. And Jerry, I forgot how completely I was—how completely I am—an actress."

"You are an actress," said Jerry. "I've just seen your picture. You were glorious."

"Yes," said Kate simply, "but it was really just revenge stuff. I had to prove to you that I'm a better trouper than your Marcia whatever her name is." "But because I'm an actress—oh, Jerry, I have to play parts all the time. And all I was doing, when I went around sweeping and dusting and being drab, was playing a part—the young housewife. And you're an actor, Jerry, and when you began to be a hit out here, you had to play the part of the young-philanderer-about-town. Result, your pictures have been just too hammy. You come back to me and we'll both be good, really we will."

"Oh, Kate, Kate," said Jerry. "Don't you know you're going to be the biggest star in pictures, and I've been such a tramp? I am mad about you when you're like this and I hated the sight of you in gingham and flat shoes. But darling, I should love you no matter what and you shouldn't love me no matter what."

"I do, though," said Kate, "and I'd rather have you kiss me than talk to me."

There was a very, very long pause and then I heard their voices once more. I looked out of Jerry's bedroom and saw them huddled together in a big wing chair.

Jerry leaned over her. "Oh, darling," he said, looking deep into her eyes, "we're not acting now, are we?"

Kate sighed luxuriously. "We probably are," said Kate, "but we're acting together again and isn't it swell?"

FROM STARVATION TO STARDOM

[*Continued from page* 27]

against a wall. He would rather do high comedy than any other type of work, for which reason his favorite rôle thus far is his brief contribution to "The Divorcee." This, despite his conspicuous success as the tragic young coward in "The Big House."

He is one of our best-looking young men, but doesn't throw his personality around. Even people who don't like actors, like Bob. He has a keen intelligence and a sharp wit.

He knows how to live. Acting, being his trade rather than his art, doesn't weigh unduly upon him. He would rather make good pictures than bad ones, but his life doesn't hinge upon it. He plays excellent tennis, fair golf and crafty bridge. He is a licensed pilot as to flying and is a promising polo player. He is also learning to rope steers, no one knows exactly why.

He is the life of a party because he always has such a good time. His humor is the cagey sort that doesn't lean on wise-cracks. He is at once subtle and boisterous.

Apparently candid, he has the instinctive reserve of the well-bred about his actual self. Particularly for publication does he guard his privacy. His marriage, his home, his *personal* life are his own and will become public property only over the dead body of his inherent good taste, which will probably die only when Bob does.

He likes Don Byrne above all authors and "Messer Marco Polo" is his bible. For years he has carried page 69 of it in his wallet—the Pope's advice to young Marco Polo being Bob's own creed.

His pet hate is bad acting and he hopes that, if he ever does much of it, some one will shoot him—and not with a camera. He doesn't see how stars can give out more than five interviews, having by then told five life-stories — one their own and four they have heard about. He does charming, thoughtful things for people, using underhand methods to avoid being thanked. He is given to fairly infrequent moods and is hot-tempered on occasion.

He's a swell guy and a credit to the clan Montgomery.



She walked right in and they gave a look and she walked right out with a contract. In other words, Marion Shockley, an unknown, was discovered by Al Christie, who gave her a contract with Educational Comedies.



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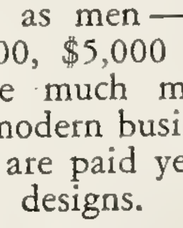
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HOLLYWOOD SOCIETY

[*Continued from page* 13]

wood has its quota of bachelors and maidens —and June Collyer is to the younger crowd what Mary Pickford is to the older—its leader. When Prince George of England, third son of the King, visited the Gold Coast last winter, June was his dining-and-dancing partner. Mary Brian is another popular member of this crowd.

Of the men, Ronald Colman to me is a thoroughbred if there ever were one; a gentleman of fine culture, whose romance is his active being. And I especially like Gary Cooper, who epitomizes the gallantries of western America in its earliest days. At home on his ranch, Gary is the same silent, strength-and-tenderness sort of chap we find him in his pictures. And don't think for one moment that William Haines is the wise-cracking smart-aleck in real life that he is on the screen. Instead, he is a scion of an old Southern family, with a brilliant mind and manners above reproach.

All in all, I think Hollywood society is the most delightful in the world and the most basically sound. Because position in Hollywood is dependent upon the individual, and that individual's ability — not on the wealth amassed by a preceding generation.

For background in society, that is, the number of generations from such to such, is certainly not always indicative of breeding.

I have never yet been to a representative gathering of prominent motion picture people where there was anything like the amount of drinking, flirting and risque conversation, that takes place in the so-called smart sets of every large and small town throughout America.

Oh, I know that when some of my friends read this they are going to accuse me of being prejudiced, of glossing over the foibles of movieland, because of my personal liking for its people. But that is not the case.

I am absolutely sincere in what I say. I happened to be born of one of the oldest families in America. And because of that, I have been thrown with the so-called society families of New York and every other city in which I have lived. I have known intimately social leaders of this country and Europe. And I repeat, emphatically, that Hollywood Society is equal, if not a shade superior, to any other in the world!

THE STORY BEHIND THE SIGNING OF THE GAYNOR-FOX PACT OF PEACE

[*Continued from page* 29]

guorous, carefree hours. And as her little body grew more tanned, her mind acquired a new maturity. She got a better slant on the whole situation. Lying there in the warm sand, she learned tolerance—and compromise.

Granted that she still wanted Lydell to supervise her pictures—he would be able to make her path so much easier. But Janet began to realize that regardless of whether or not she could have her own way, *there was a job of work to be done!* She came to know that an artist cannot pick up a career and set it down at will—it is too closely a part of herself.

About that time, Winfield Sheehan returned from New York. He and Janet met. They were still friends. The quarrel had never been one of personalities—just a star and the machine. So negotiations with the studio were soon under way. The sun began to poke his head through the storm-clouds.

Several conferences followed, with the result that Janet is going back to work.

While it is known that she didn't gain all her points, those who know Hollywood's "littlest rebel" say she didn't lose all of them. And though she won't talk about her new arrangement with the studio, she's a mighty happy little girl right now.

"I'm just like a race-horse, straining at the bit to get onto the track again," she shyly admitted. "I'm so glad everything's all settled—though I knew it would come out all right from the first. We're bound to have a few disagreements, my studio and I. The course of true love never does run smooth, you know!"

And Fox?

"Janet's superb!" says Fox proudly.

As for Lydell Peck—he doesn't say anything.



Here's Amos 'n' Andy in their first movie for Radio. New make-ups, friends, but the same old taxicab and that same Madame Queen.

WHY CHAPLIN WON'T TALK

[*Continued from page* 17]

To hear a shadow that you had watched for years suddenly speak was sufficient thrill. But now all that is passed. The newness has worn off. Talking pictures must prove themselves of worth entirely on the strength of their using dialogue and on that basis, I claim they have not succeeded. The net result has been to make audiences shop more than ever for entertainment.

"In contrast, is 'City Lights.' I am exceedingly enthusiastic about it. It is truly a motion picture, as motion pictures should be, which means motion and no talk. I confidently believe that after it is seen, sixty percent of the productions thereafter will revert to non-dialogue.

"By that I don't mean pictures without sound and synchronization. Sound effects, and music synchronization are good. Neither retards action. It is only dialogue that does that.

"Besides, if producers would speak frankly, they would confess that through the adoption of one-hundred percent talkies they have placed themselves in an exceedingly limited market. To face the world market for pictures that used to exist, a producer must invest almost more than he can get back on his pictures."

"I don't quite understand that," I said.

Chaplin gazed at me for a moment. "It's like this," he explained. "Talkies mean the bringing to Hollywood of entire companies of players from foreign lands to make foreign versions that entail great added expense. An entirely new version must be made for the French, another for the German, still another for the Italian and so on around the world. In silent pictures the majority, if not all, of the scenes shot for the American version were good everywhere.

"Besides, talkies mean, or have meant to date, adaptations of stage plays to movie technique. To my mind a good talking picture made from a good stage play is inferior to the original, while a good silent picture with all its permissable elaboration of the same stage success is superior."

Chaplin smiled. "I hope I'm not prejudiced," he said, "but having seen so many talkies I still maintain it would be the most foolish move of my life to depart from pantomime to talk since between the two there is no comparison whatsoever. I must repeat that I think the one an art and the other something so formless you can't name it.

"The new vogue is good for just one thing and that is the news reel.

"The news reel idea is marvelous. Anything that is a record, if a true one, is very dramatic indeed and new events, being facts, are the most dramatic things on the screen. It gives every one an opportunity to see what is going on in the world, even though it may transpire in a foreign land and news of it come in a foreign tongue. Even though every audience can not understand the language, it knows, at least, it is seeing something real, something that is not fictitious. And to make people accept reality is, as we all know, the greatest art in the world."

YOUNG MAN ABOUT HOLLYWOOD

You'll meet him in SILVER SCREEN next month in the person of Jimmy Starr, our roving reporter. What Jimmy doesn't know isn't worth telling, but all that he tells is. And does he tell —hotcha-cha! Watch for him!



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WHY CAN'T THE IT GIRL KEEP HER MEN

[*Continued from page* 31]

And through all the terrific struggle, one small girl pitted against a giant industry, she has had to fight *alone*. There has been no one to whom Clara Bow could return in the evening for sympathy and encouragement.

Many a girl would have been content with a half-portion love even though it fell far short of her ideal. But not Clara Bow.

She thought she had found true love when she met Gilbert Roland. It was during the making of "Mantrap," in which she began to taste the sweets of first success. Roland, too, had just made his first step toward fame.

For a while the two youngsters shared each others' hopes and dreams. They became engaged. Then, Clara was sent to San Antonio with the "Wings" company.

Twenty miles away Victor Fleming was directing "The Rough Riders." So a zealous publicity department conceived the idea of announcing the "IT" girl's engagement to Fleming.

Nothing loath to garner some harmless headlines, Clara consented. The wires carried the story, and next morning Roland's breakfast was ruined by the news.

He deluged her with wires—broken-hearted wires, infuriated wires.

Clara did what she could to explain matters, but a real rift had developed.

Soon afterward, Gilbert Roland was signed to play the lead opposite Norma Talmadge. He has never again come into Clara's life.



During this time there was one friend who stood by her—Victor Fleming, the innocent cause of her unhappiness. He was an older man, of deep compassion. Who knows but that Clara felt she might find love in his tender understanding? But, neither was that to be. Suddenly, Clara saw no more of Fleming. Neither would discuss it, but Clara became a little gayer, a little noisier.

About this time, she was cast in "Children of Divorce." Opposite her was Gary Cooper. Their meeting was a blinding, dazzling conflagration which soon burnt itself out. Then Gary met sullen, mutinous-eyed Evelyn Brent.

Clara, once more alone, dyed her hair a brighter red, drove her car a little faster. And went down to the beach where she could watch the eternal sea—wondering.

Much has been said about Clara's ill-fated romance with Earl Pearson—much has been written. In reality, it is a tragic little episode, such as might happen to any of us. But, because it happened to Clara Bow, the spotlight has been turned on it unmercifully.

Clara went to the hospital to have her appendix removed. While there, she was attended by a young interne, Dr. Pearson. Their relation of doctor and patient soon developed into a real friendship. But Dr. Pearson was married. Despite their very real attraction to each other, they realized the futility of their case. They decided never to see each other again. Pearson went to Germany for further study. And Clara Bow met Harry Richman.

There is little doubt that Harry, a shrewd business man fully realized the publicity value of an engagement to Clara Bow. But there is also little doubt that he felt for her a genuine affection. Richman, more than any other, gave Clara the tangible evidences of love. He showered upon her the many attentions which all women love and about which Hollywood men know so little. He was the perfect fiancé. His was none of the good-natured, careless camaraderie to which she was accustomed.

But, his very facility in the art of making love bespoke long training—and easy forgetfulness. Even before Richman left Hollywood whispers hinted that all was not well with Clara's romance and after his return to New York, the murmurs increased.

Lately, much has happened to Clara Bow.

She has seen Pearson and Richman again.

Dr. Pearson Clara saw in Dallas. Under guise of a rest, she recently visited the Texas city, and those who know her best insist that it was not love which drew her. That it was merely to reassure herself that her feeling for him was dead. That when she sent him away, she closed that chapter.

After leaving Dallas, Clara went to New York. What transpired there between her and Harry Richman, no one knows. But when she had been in the city only a few days, Harry went to Buffalo to a prize-fight. Which would seem to write finis to that.

Bringing us to Rex Bell.

He is the young Westerner who played opposite the "IT" girl in "True to the Navy." Simple and youthful, he is a little awed by Clara's interest in him. And mixed with his very human ardor is a quality of worship and reverence for her which is bound to soothe her tired spirit. Maybe he will be the one to bring fulfillment to the hungry heart of the little girl to whom life has given everything but love.

YOUNG WOMAN OF MANHATTAN

[*Continued from page* 14]

dette was so tickled with the unexpected plaudits heaped upon her that she celebrated by treating herself to a diamond bracelet. Paramount celebrated by annexing her services for one year at the guh-randest salary with the stipulation that her stage work was not to be interrupted.

Of course, the fact that she could confine all her pictures—with the exception of "Manslaughter" to the East, influenced her not a little. You see, New York holds a great attraction for her. His name is Norman Foster. She eloped with him three years ago when he was male lead in "The Barker" and he's been the "head man" ever since. You movie fans had the chance of making his acquaintance in "Young Man of Manhattan" in which he played the title rôle opposite Claudette. He has the bluest eyes I've ever seen but when he read the script and counted the love scenes that Richard Arlen was scheduled for, he felt that "charity begins at home" and went hot foot after the rôle himself.

P. S. He got the job.

Norman hates the social racket even more than Claudette, so they lead the quietest kind of life away from the stage and screen. They have a few intimate friends—Miguel Covarrubias, the caricaturist—Rose Rolanda, the dancer—Henri Bataille, the French playwright whom they entertain quietly at home. Norman doesn't dance and Claudette won't with any other partner, so they are never seen at the popular rendezvous around town.

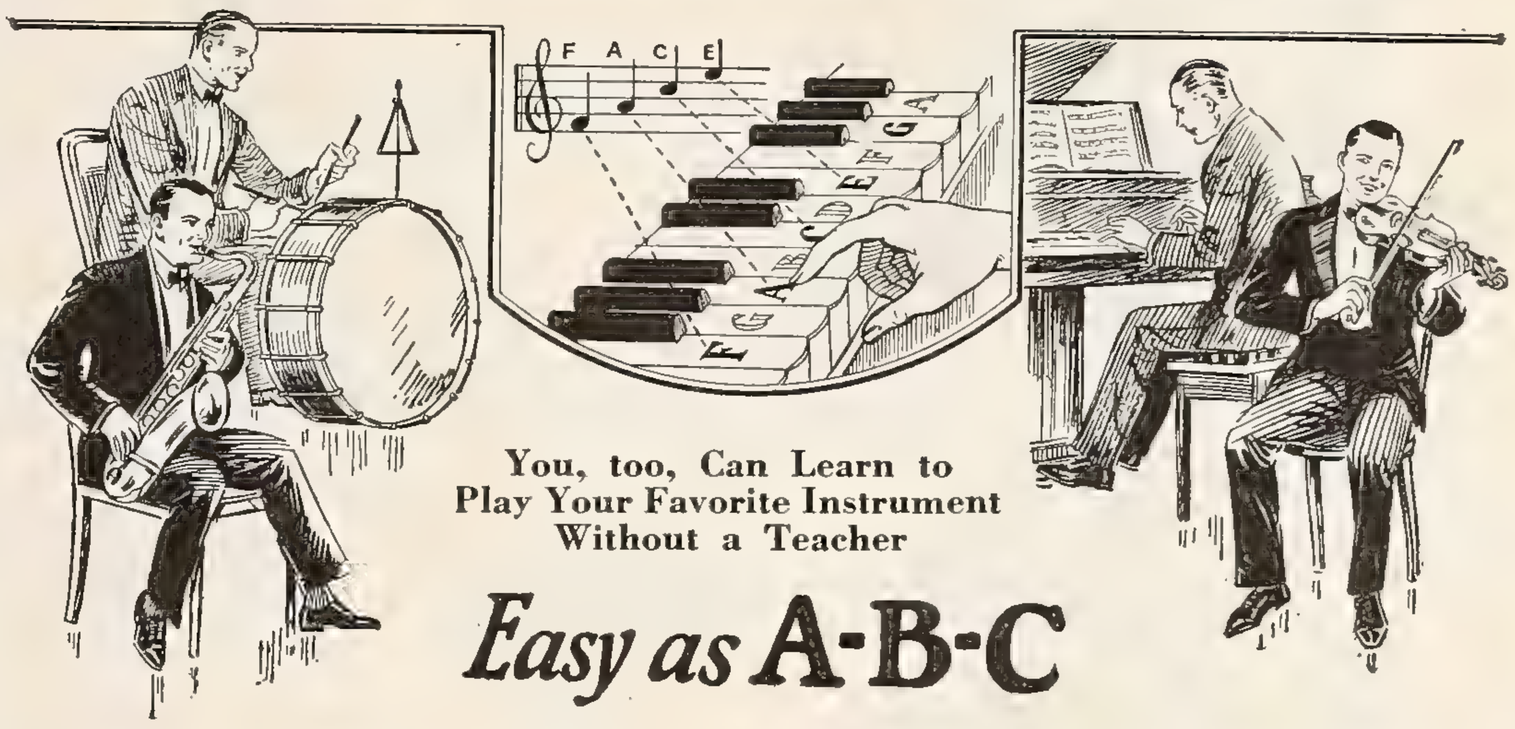
When they dine in public, it is usually at the Lafayette because Claudette likes its French atmosphere or at the Hotel Plaza because Norman likes its comfortable chairs. On the one occasion when Claudette and I lunched at the Ritz, I was amused to see how disappointed the head waiter was when she deliberately chose an inconspicuous table and sat with her back to the raised lorgnettes of the "Celebrity Hunters." All the other stars were so obligingly "on parade!"

Claudette's closest pal is her mother. Sounds like a theme song, but that's only because you don't know Madame Colbert. She is Claudette twenty years from now—a beautiful woman whose youthful figure and big, black eyes are offset by hair, prematurely grown white. Monsieur Colbert, whose pictures so uncannily resemble Ronald Colman in expression, died several years ago so Madame Colbert makes her home with Claudette. She worships this only daughter of hers, and yet she is not the doting parent who prattles incessantly about "my child" and carries clippings about her stuffed in her pocketbook. In short, she is the sort of mother you wouldn't mind sitting in on your interview. She never does.

Claudette first decorated the sidewalks of New York in 1913, when accompanied by her mother, father and brother, Jean, she arrived from her native Paris. She was seven years old then and couldn't speak a word of English. A public school education has robbed her of even the slightest vestige of an accent—not a single "mais oui" or an "ooh la la" has been retained for publicity purposes. Indeed, she is so thoroughly American now that it is only when you hear her jabbering away with her maids at home or with Chevalier in the French version of "The Big Pond" that you realize her foreign birth.

Like all French children of the upper class, she was raised according to the strictest code. She was never allowed to go out unchaperoned until she was eighteen and then

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she became engaged to the first boy she ever kissed because she thought Emily Post expected it of her.

It was always her ambition to become an artist. She has already accomplished it on stage and screen but not on canvas as yet. Her visit to the Isle of Bailee this summer will be for the purpose of devoting all her leisure to her oils. It is still her ambition to specialize in portrait work someday.

Strangely enough, she had never entertained any thought of a stage career. She was precipitated into it by the happy expedient of meeting Anne Morrison at tea. Miss Morrison was about to produce her play, "The Wild Westcotts" and offered Claudette three lines in it, "just as a lark." So Claudette accepted them—"pour le sport." But from the very first smell of greasepaint, she knew that she had ALWAYS wanted to be an actress!

Because her father so heartily disapproved of this sudden turn of events, Claudette promised him that if she didn't establish a name for herself within five years, she would abandon all thought of a stage career. It was the easiest promise she ever had to keep. Within three years she had scored an overnight sensation in "The Barker." It is a matter of record that she has been giving repeat performances ever since.

If genius is "the infinite capacity for taking pains" then Claudette Colbert is a genius—indisputably. I have never met another actress who is quite so sincere about her work—so constantly striving for improvement.

Recently, I had the privilege of attending a pre-view of one of her pictures with her. She gave a beautiful performance. That I have yet to see her give a bad one is beside the point. When she left the theatre she was so besieged by worshipping fans that it required the protection of the police to escort her to her car. Was her chest expansion visibly increased by all this flattering attention? Not by a long shot! The entire way home she worried for fear that she wasn't as good as she might have been . . . that perhaps she wasn't suited to the part . . . that certain scenes could have been played differently.

I laughed at her unnecessary worries and yet I know that it is this very lack of smug self-complacency that has given Claudette the enviable position she now holds.

At the ripe, old age of twenty four, she is considered one of the most outstanding actresses on the American stage and screen.

Young, beautiful, successful, rich, happily married and very, very sane about life. That's Claudette Colbert. What a girl!

THE KID EVEN GENIUS CAN'T SPOIL

[*Continued from page* 30]

although Levee was busy with work on the pending production of "Tom Sawyer." Then, like a bolt, the idea struck him. It was one of those absurd coincidences so gratifying to fatalists. Here was the only and logical "Tom Sawyer." He persuaded Coogan père and mère to let Jackie do the picture during the summer holidays. He also bought advertising space in the Loyola paper.

It is Jackie's idea of the perfect vacation. He adores the studio and is consumingly fascinated by all the new mechanics of picture-making. And he has the whole-souled devotion of the born actor to his profession.

"Will you want to do other things, too, when you grow up Jackie?"

"No," he replied almost reverently. "I just want to act."

In this fleeting moment, was revealed the spark that made Jackie ageless even when he was little more than a baby—the divine spark that glowed in his wise, gentle baby eyes and convinced Chaplin that here was the rare jewel, pristine genius. It is the flame of pure artistry in him, artistry far superseding the acquired varnish of "talent," that distinguishes him from "prodigies." He has no tricks, no consciousness of self. He is a normal, very likeable boy with good manners and an inherently sweet and affectionate disposition—and all the alternately maddening and ridiculous qualities of lively adolescence.

For all his native intelligence and quick, charming mind, he is just an average boy. Except for that vivid flame which places him among the chosen. Perhaps some day he may take on the so-called eccentricities which are granted to geniuses by an indulgent world. But, at present, he illustrates the wisdom of his parents, who have seen to it that, primarily, he was happy, well-instructed and superbly healthy.

"Of course," Jackie was a usual boy again in his eagerness, "I want to travel, too. I'd like to make maybe three pictures a year and travel in between. I'd like to see every country in the world. What I'd do," he continued in a worldly, practical tone—the quick transitions of the very young, "is make some city my headquarters and travel out in different directions from there."

"I'm not the domestic sort," he added unexpectedly. "I don't believe in this marrying when you're young and settling down. I won't get married until I'm thirty. I've made up my mind."

And in the next breath—

"Have you read 'The Motor Boys?' They're keen books. My tutor never let me read them because they were 'trash,' and I used to smuggle them and read them in bed. Now I read them all the time," he finished, proud to have discarded at least one of the shackles of childhood.

"What other books do you like, Jackie?"

Only below sixteen can one find a consistent procession of surprises. As—

"I think Alice-in-Wonderland is a swell book. I read it over again all the time. It's funny—when I read it first I thought it was just a fairy-tale, but every time I read it I find something new. Why there's all kinds of things that mean two things—about government and people and everything. It's sure wonderful!"

Also, Howard Pyle's Book of Pirates is on the table by his bed, so as to be close at hand. And Kipling's "Kim" is so dear to him that he wants terribly to make a picture of it.

He likes school tremendously, except geometry. He is, according to his teachers, one of those receptive pupils who occur so rarely—an avid, bright mind that is a joy to teach. He is especially partial to history and languages. Studying French, Italian, German and Latin, the latter is, strangely, his favorite.

"It's nice to know where words come from," he explains. "Of course, it's not a language that anyone really speaks any more. It's just a base language. But," challengingly, "you give me any English word and I'll tell you where it comes from in Latin. It

would probably help you with your writing," he added with polite and grave solicitude, "to know where words come from in Latin."

When he and his father toured Europe about a year ago with a singing, talking and dancing act, they played the sketch in three languages. Jackie likes Europe.

"In Frankfort they have the biggest airport in the world. The landing field is two hundred acres and there's a runway a quarter of a mile long and every fifteen minutes there are great big Junkers planes coming in and going out. Zoom!"—he illustrated with a hand that held a piece of sandwich and his eyes sparkled in ecstatic memory of that fine "zoom!"

As to music, he likes a good band and he likes records of organ music. But one gathers that, at present, he considers "classical music" a trifle sissy.

"I took the piano for a while," he said, adding after a slight pause, "and then some one found out and made me take it back." He laughed delightedly and slapped his knee with relish.

He had just returned from a week-end at Agua Caliente. How did he like it?

"It isn't much fun for me around the hotel. You see I don't drink or gamble," he explained modestly. "But down at the tracks where they race the dogs it's great. And there are swell trails in the hills, so I ride a lot. And swimming in the pool is fun. But I guess I like the dog races best. You can have your horse races—give me a dog race any time. That's *clean* racing. You can't 'fix' those."

There followed a long, eager and really entertaining dissertation on dog races. Which switched suddenly to the astonishing and marvelous fine points of tennis as played by his pal, Bill Tilden. One of Jackie's dearest treasures is the ball, autographed, with which Tilden won the Davis Cup in 1926. And, as abruptly returning to business, Jackie remarked that "Tom Sawyer" should be a very good picture.

"Junior Durkin is 'Huck Finn.' He's a fine actor. And little Mitzi Green is wonderful. She's in it too. And John Cromwell's our director and it's such a keen story—" the words tumbled out and lost themselves in enthusiasm.

Jackie's prime idol is still Chaplin, whom he worships. His arm affectionately around Pat, his solemn little brother who had joined us, Jackie tried to express his devotion to Chaplin.

"He's—he's so—there's nobody like him," he finished lamely, his eyes eloquent with the great feeling he couldn't voice. And again in those eyes was a glimpse of that mysterious thing which makes this particular adolescent very special.

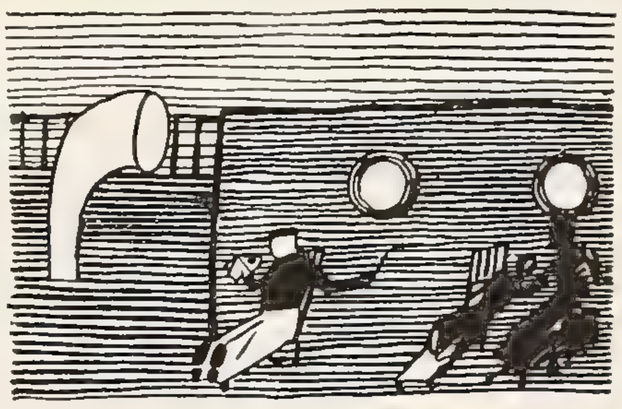
ASK HER ANOTHER

If you've a pet wonder about your favorite movie star, shoot it to Sally Forth. Sally gets around a lot, knows all the answers to everything about pictures and picture people, and tells all she knows. She'll give you the low-down on anything. Simply address your questions to Sally Forth, *Silver Screen,* 45 West 45th St., New York City. If you want a personal reply, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

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"But why does he cough, Mamma? And spit?"

"Be quiet dear. He got the end of his cigarette wet. And he doesn't like to chew tobacco."

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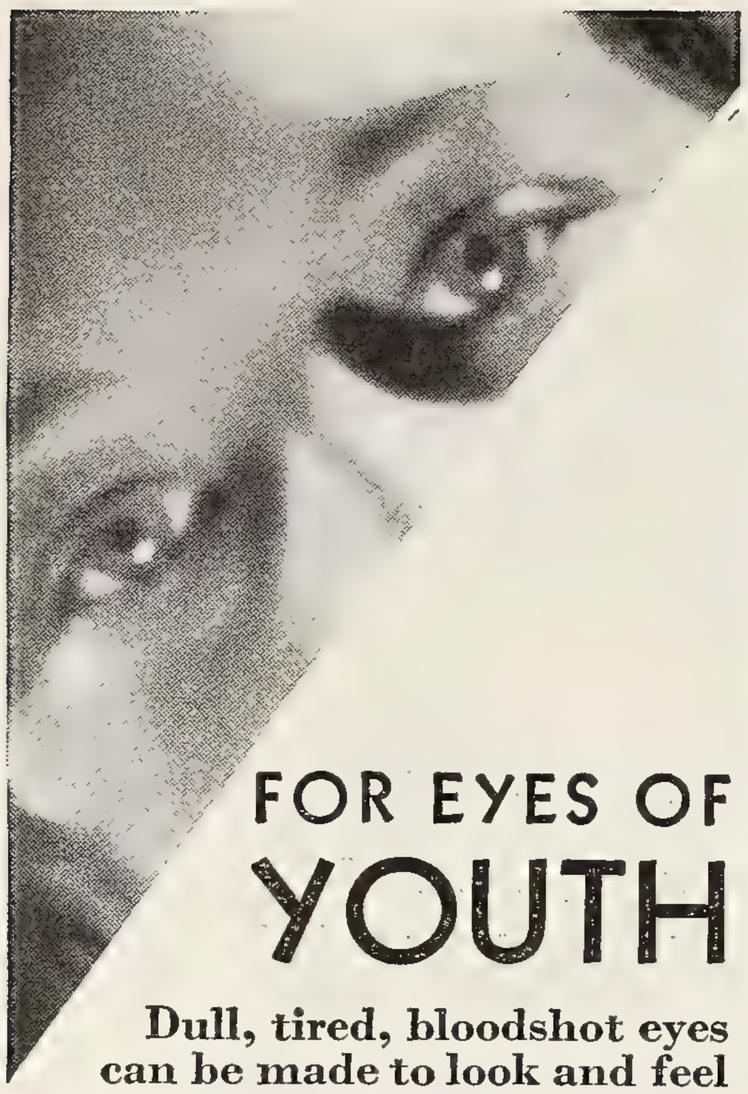
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MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

CINDERELLA UP TO DATE

[*Continued from page* 18]

at school. Most of them had gorgeous hair-ribbons and lovely clothes. Claire dressed mostly in boy's trousers. The girls spoke casually of trips to Paris and London. Right there, Claire's first ambition was born. She made up her mind that some day she, too, would go to Paris and have lovely clothes.

Probably it was learning at that age just how needlessly cruel girls can be that has given her the sweetness and tolerance that enfolds her like a benediction today.

When she was thirteen her parents were divorced. Claire was adopted by a friend of her mother's—Florence Colebrook Powers.

Mrs. Powers was the head of the Denishawn School of Dancing in Rochester and she began teaching the youthful Claire the rhythm of motion. That fired Claire with the ambition of one increasing purpose: an ambition to become a great dancer—so great that she would see her name on Broadway in electric lights as tall as herself.

A few lessons and she started to work. A Rochester café owner saw her, engaged her, had a special costume made that revealed her young child's figure and started her out as a sort of utility employee. She sold cigarettes, checked hats, passed rolls—anything that came her way. What a life for a thirteen year old!

Suddenly Claire sickened of it. She left the restaurant and went to work in the film laboratories of the Eastman Kodak Company. She worked in the dark rooms. It was still dark in the morning when she went into them—it was dark in the evening when she came out.

She couldn't stand it. What dreaming kid could have stood it? She went back to the restaurant. While she had worked for the Kodak Company she continued her dancing at night. When working in the restaurant she studied during the day. But always—no matter where she worked, no matter how late, nor how tired she was—she forced herself to practice her dancing.

When she was fifteen a Russian Opera troupe came to Rochester. When they left town Claire ran away and joined them as a *ballerina.*

Her eyes, which are extraordinarily large and blue, widened as she told me of it. "I suppose it was a terrible thing to do but why should I have stayed there? Mrs. Powers was wonderful to me but I had no real home. I had no childhood—no clothes — no friends. I realized that my dancing was my only chance of ever getting away and the only way I could ever hope to capitalize on my dancing was by getting behind the footlights.—I stayed with the opera company a short time and then people in Rochester traced me and had me brought back."

Well-meaning, those people, undoubtedly, but they brought her back to the restaurant and the revealing costume. Back went the fixed smile on lips that must have ached sometimes with the effort of keeping it there. I think it must have been those years of constant smiling at things she loathed that gives her such a wistful look today and makes you think, when she smiles, of heartbreak.

A few months more of the restaurant and Claire departed again—this time for New York—the savings of her vivid lifetime—thirty hard round iron men—tucked away in a belt. She had read in a theatrical trade paper that Ed Wynne was casting the road company of "The Perfect Fool."

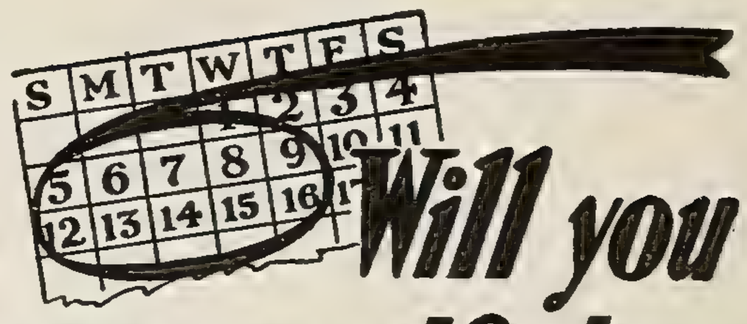


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She sat up all night in a day coach, afraid to spend her money on a Pullman. In New York she found the theatre—even before she looked for a place to sleep. The director noticed her — who wouldn't? — gave her a chance to do a few kicks and pirouettes and engaged her.

Three weeks of endless rehearsals during which time she eked out an existence on what was left of her thirty dollars and the company left town on a tour. Most of the booking consisted of split weeks. Five days later she and her room-mate were fired! They had missed the train on which the company left town and although they caught the next train and arrived in ample time for the first appearance, they found their places had been filled.

The girls wept copiously on each other's shoulders and the management of the "Perfect Fool" was forced to pay their transportation back to New York.

Claire hit town in the morning, heard of an opening in the chorus of "Little Jesse James," applied for it and faced her first New York audience that same night.

A chorus girl's salary isn't luxurious, no matter what the story books say. Claire needed more money. So she started working in night clubs—the Casa Lopez—Texas Guinan's. At one time she was working simultaneously in three night clubs after her evening performance at the theatre.

"I don't know now how I did it," she said quite simply. "At the time it seemed quite matter of fact because I knew I had to. Often it was four o'clock in the morning before I had a chance to go on and do my number. I'd get home as soon as I could and get to bed, but I had to be up around noon again so I could get my dancing lesson in before the night performance. The matinée days were the worst for they meant two performances at the theatre, three at the night clubs and dancing lesson besides."

About this time John Murray Anderson saw her, sent for her and offered her a part in the last of the Music Box Revues. She did a specialty dance. But when the show closed its New York run and went on tour, Claire was missing. She had achieved the first of her three ambitions. She was Paris bound.

A French theatrical agent had arranged a number for her in one of the big revues in Paris. One night the great Mistinguette was ill. Claire went on in her place. She was a riot and her star began to ascend in the theatrical sky. Instead of sitting back and relaxing after that Claire worked and studied the harder—not only dancing but languages —anything that might be of help to her. She had perfected her dancing. She now started perfecting herself.

It was while she was playing in Paris that Ziegfeld saw her. Claire came home with a three year contract as *première danseuse* of the Follies.

And that was when the second of her Cinderella dreams was realized for she met the Prince—and married him. He hadn't a kingdom—he hadn't even a title—but he had everything that really mattered in Claire's life and he was a prince among men. For the first time someone really loved her. His name was Clifford Warren Smith and he came from one of the Back Bay families of Boston—an aristocracy more impregnable than any royalty abroad.

He had never had to work in his life and he wanted to take Claire away with him to make up for all the years of sordid drudgery she had put in before she met him. But Claire still had that third ambition to achieve. So she went on dancing.

Arthur Hopkins saw her and asked if she would like to play the feminine lead in the London production of "Burlesque" — the part that Barbara Stanwyck played in New York and that Nancy Carroll played in the movies. Would she?

So presently Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Warren Smith departed for London and Mrs. Smith played *Bonnie* for six months while Mr. Smith applauded and beamed with pride.

But there was still that sign on Broadway that she had set herself to earn. So when "Burlesque" closed, Claire and Clifford came back. Al Woods sent for her and offered her a part in "Scarlet Pages."

"Is there any singing or dancing in it?" demanded Claire. She now had a desire to show people that could act as well as dance.

"Not a single kick, sweetheart," Al answered and for the next few months she appeared six nights and two matinées a week as the girl on trial for patricide.

The engagement ended with a nervous breakdown for Claire. She had been on the stage for years but she had spent most of the time dancing. When she got a dramatic part she didn't know how to *act* it—she could only *live* it. And night after night she went into actual hysterics on the stage.

When she recovered Fox signed her for pictures and she is making her début in their pretentious film of prison life—"Up The River."

"The things that have happened to me don't seem real any more," she said dreamily. "When I go home at night and my husband meets me and we sit there together, it seems as though all those old horrors must have happened to someone else. Yet I suppose they have left their marks on me—in my character. I don't regret anything I've ever gone through. Everything is grist for the mill and if hardships don't teach you anything else, they teach you tolerance and forbearance. And how to take the bitter with the sweet."

"Are you happy now?" I asked suddenly. There was no particular reason for the question except that once you come to know her, nothing on earth seems quite so important as that Claire should be happy.

"Happy?" she echoed while her eyes misted, "happier than I ever dreamed I could be. We've been married two years and are more in love today than we've ever been. I've met my prince, I've been to Paris and I've at last got a start towards that electric sign—only now with the movies, I suppose it will have to be a twenty-four sheet poster instead."

The sign and the twenty-four sheet poster with her name in letters as high as herself seem to me relatively unimportant. But always I'll remember her as the girl who danced languorously in a night club with feathers waving about her—who looked as though she belonged in moonlit gardens—and who later married the prince and lived happily forever after.

LOVE AND HISSES

SILVER SCREEN is *your* magazine—we want to voice your opinions as well as our own. So, we're offering prizes for the three best letters every month about plays and players. Letters will be judged purely on merit. So, tell us what you think about pictures, the stars you love and the stars you hate. Keep the letters short—not more than 200 words, please, and sign your real name and address.

First Prize.....$15.00 **Second Prize....$10.00** **Third Prize.....$5.00**



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BUDDY'S FEMININE FANCY

[*Continued from page* 15]

"What kind of girl would you like to be Mrs. Buddy?" I asked.

Buddy was in his dressing room at the Brooklyn, New York, Paramount, relaxing between numbers, wearing a dark blue dressing gown and the famous Rogers smile, drinking a lemonade and listening to that chorus outside the window, shouting, "We want Buddy."

"I don't know what kind of girl I like," Buddy said, which was certainly a nice, safe answer.

"Blonde or brunette " I prodded.

"When I'm going with a blonde," said Buddy, "I think I like light hair best. But when I'm rushing a brunette, I think I prefer brunettes."

Buddy should have gone into the diplomatic service. He'd have been a hit there, too.

I checked back on Buddy's girls. There was Claire Windsor. When Buddy was a lad in Olathe, Kansas, Claire Windsor was the girl of his dreams. When he went to Hollywood, surrounded by publicity and a new high yaller top coat, he had only two ambitions. One was to meet success. The other was to meet Claire Windsor. He met both.

Buddy and Claire went everywhere. Claire got out of her marriage with Bert Lytell. Would she get into another with Buddy Rogers? Nobody knew till Buddy began going with Mary Brian.

Mary is sweet, soft, shy, appealing. Mary is the college boy's favorite. And Buddy was once a college boy himself. That went on for quite some time but when spring and Maytime came around, Buddy began thinking of June—June Collyer. There Buddy has stopped for the moment with a blonde and two brunettes. But then—

"I don't think coloring matters much," said Buddy. "It's the personality. I like a girl who is lively — perhaps because I'm rather quiet myself. I like a girl who can make me laugh."

"Like Mary Brian," I said, trying to fancy Mary shaking hands with a joke.

From below came the chorus, "We want Buddy." Not knowing, those girls as they stood there, which of them Buddy wanted.

"I'd want my wife to be interested in music," said Buddy. "It would be terrible if she didn't share my greatest enthusiasm. Besides, how else could she stand my practicing the saxophone?"

Buddy is still learning the saxophone. He plays the trombone, the trumpet, and drums quite well, and something called a baritone. (I was so dumb I thought baritone was a tone of voice, but it seems you not only sing in it, but play on it. It's used in small town bands.)

"I'd like Her to be a musician," said Buddy. "I'd like Her to play in pictures. I'd certainly want Her to have a career of her own. Girls who work are usually more interesting. I'd want Her to be intelligent. But not too intelligent. After all, I have to fool Her a little."

Pointing to his head, he grinned that famous grin which makes brunettes as dizzy as blondes.

"We want Buddy," came the chorus of girls down below. Buddy wanted a girl who worked. And the girls who worked couldn't be there, in mid afternoon, shouting, "We want Buddy."

"I'd like Her to be fond of reading," said Buddy. "I haven't much time for books, but I like to hear about them."

Speaking of Girls—



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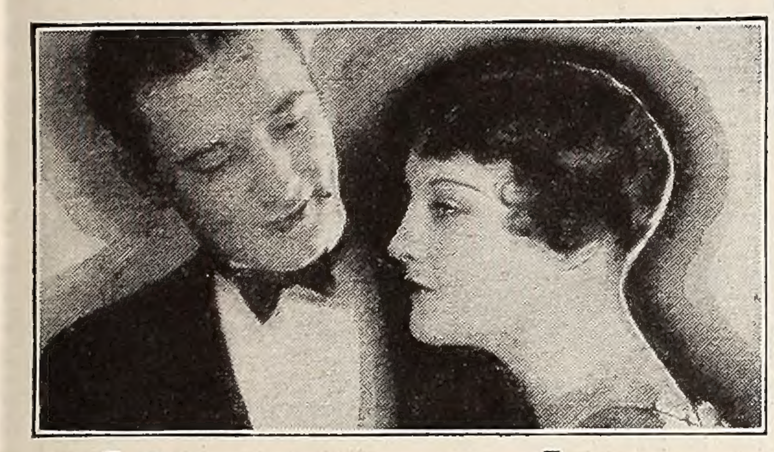
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IS HOLLYWOOD'S SUPREMACY THREATENED?

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"What kind of books?" I said.

"Current stuff. I ought to like the classics, but I don't."

"Should you want Her to have domestic tastes?" I said.

"Not important," said Buddy. "I'd enjoy being able to have the housework done for Her."

He could do that, of course, but Buddy is not rich. His Paramount School contract does not expire until December, and then there's a three year option. Buddy, the gold mine for the box-office, is only mining silver for himself.

"I'd like Her to be sympathetic. Understanding. Only a little jealous," he said. "I'm not really jealous, myself — just enough. And I don't see why, after marriage, she shouldn't go out with another man if she wanted to, while I went with another girl."

The modern girl seemed Buddy's ideal. The girl with intelligence. The girl who works. The girl who has other dates after marriage.

"How about smoking?" I said.

Buddy looked at the cigarette I was lighting. Buddy is very, very polite.

"Don't mind me," I said, "I'm not trying to marry you."

Buddy gulped down his politeness.

"I wouldn't want her to smoke. Nor drink. I don't drink myself."

"No smoking. No drinking," I said, thinking of Party Girls I have known. "Should she be a good dancer?" Back in his Paramount School days, Buddy had taught me to Charleston. Buddy dances very well.

"I don't care much about dancing," said Buddy. "I suppose that's because I had my own orchestra and used to play for college dances instead of dancing myself."

"Do you like girls to be tall, or little?"

"Little," said Buddy. "And slim. But I like them athletic. I love to play golf. If she didn't golf, how could I make her believe I was really on the links all that time?

"And I think girls look better in sports clothes. Trim, tailored, chic. I don't like fussy clothes, nor big hats. But I like bright colors. Reds, greens—" he glanced politely to see what color I was wearing, "Brown."

"Who would be boss in your menage?" I said.

"I hope I would," said Buddy.

The theatre door-man came in. Deferential, shy. Bearing a large bundle wrapped in newspaper.

"This is not from the management," he said over and over. "This is from me and the man who drives the ice-cream wagon." It was an ice-cream cone.

It isn't only the girls who like Buddy.

From outside, the chorus rose, "We want Buddy." Buddy went to the window and waved, jigging in his excitement. He adores it. All that adulation, all that milling confusion. "It's wonderful," he said, like a small boy with a new steam engine.

"We want Buddy," came the chorus. How many girls of all that crowd were like the girl Buddy wanted?

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"If I find her," said Buddy, "even then, I don't want to get married."

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The Final Fling

THIS being the very first number of SILVER SCREEN, we probably should go solemn and talk about the Future of the Cinema and What is Art and such.

But we can't do it now and we doubt if we ever will be able to. If you never see anything about Art in SILVER SCREEN, it wouldn't surprise us a bit.

The only platform SILVER SCREEN has is to come out in favor of light lines and cheers.

Somebody is always trying to slay us by asking if the movie fan is intelligent. We—and by that "we" is meant all the people who went into the making of this magazine—wouldn't know, since we are all such movie fans ourselves. And even if we did know, we wouldn't care.

The movies seem to us the most fascinating things on earth and the people engaged in making them the most fascinating humans ever born. Even as we write this, news comes fluttering down on our desk . . .

Adolphe Menjou has refused an offer to direct at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer . . . tempting, says Adolphe, but right now he'd rather act . . . Emmett Flynn, who fell for that ole davil bottle, is returning to Fox as a scenario writer . . . he promises to be drier than a blotter . . . Patsy Ruth Miller is trying to get a foothold in talkies by appearing on the stage in "Rebound" . . . and the divine Garbo's next is to be called "Inspiration" . . .

Grant Withers is to be starred in "God's Gift to Women" at Warner Brothers . . . sounds like hot stuff for cool evenings . . . "Luxury" which was to have featured H. B. Warner has been postponed at Fox's . . . E. B. Derr, president of Pathé claims pie-throwing tactics in comedies will stage a come-back . . . Fox and a smaller company both plan to make "East Lynne" though Liberty has the best title . . . Ex-Flame . . . Winnie Sheehan alone knows what Fox will call theirs . . . it will probably be like "Liliom" . . . they had title trouble with that one . . . They called it "A Devil With Women" . . ."Carnival Love" . . . and several others until they decided to call it "Liliom" which has been its title all along . . .

They're having trouble with the "New Moon" at M-G-M . . . seems to be a half moon despite Lawrence Tibbett's being the man in it . . . Somebody has suggested that Howard Hughes, the big bankroll boy of "Hell's Angels" buy out Paramount, M-G-M, Universal and a couple of others to be sure of getting the original cast of the book "Queer People" . . . James Murray has been sentenced to county jail in Los Angeles for six months . . . wet stuff . . . just a swell guy with no sense . . .

There's a rumor that Bill Hart will return to Westerns for M-G-M . . . George Bancroft is the lucky man who next rates Kay Francis as a leading woman . . . They've postponed Dolores Del Rio's "Dove" at United Artists . . . Dolores had ptomaine poisoning . . . Eddie Quillan, with brother John and sister Marie is going to make a vaudeville tour . . . Ricardo Cortez is playing the Barrymore rôle in Moby Dick in the German version . . . no, he doesn't play Moby . . . that's the whale . . .

Such news items as these seem to us infinitely more colorful than anything an editor thinks about. To us there is nothing more interesting than a fact and no fact so thrilling as a fact about Hollywood.

Colorful, romantic, fascinating news about the most interesting people on earth . . . the people of the movies . . . of such news will SILVER SCREEN be made—and we hope you like it.

Ruth Waterbury.

EDITOR.

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